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29 April 1982

Dear Ton

Thank you for your recent request for a grant from the Prince's Trust.

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Thank you for writing and I wish you every success with your newspaper.

Yours sincerely

Derek B Lane

The magazine for the VAGRANT who *thinks* she has everything . . .

Tales from the Blank Generation

THE END OF THE AFFAIR TILL THE NEXT BEGINNING. The final ironies a punk starsound, cartoon character bands that look like they've been thought up for the Dick Emery show. TOTP's and Radio officially worse than it was pre-77. So did the revolution happen and we missed it or is it the same as it ever was and ever fucking was. Personally I'm having a lot more fun than I had before '77 but that's because I'm just one helluva fun guy.

As any Tom, Dick or Harry will tiresomely tell you, Punk Rock gave the music biz a well deserved kick up the arse but the piles soon went and now the bruises are well and truly healed. All the young punks had their 15 minutes then either scuttled back to obscurity or crawled right up the business' gaping anus. I 'spose it's a lot easier for nobodies to become somebodies but who cares, the new popstars are exactly the same as the old popstars. A star is dead but there's always a new one to replace him.

At first it was a shame when the early departures could'nt stand the pace, but it was good whilst it lasted and perhaps it was the only way. Thankyou Eater, Penetration, X-Ray-spex, Gen-X, Slaughter, Adverts, Cortinas, etc, The ones that went on to bigger things deserve everything that is coming to them. They've just continued the cycle, their day will come. The same is it did for Rick Wakeman, Freddie Mercury, Grateful Dead, Jethro Tull and co. all those years ago.

I still dont understand this thing we call 'pop musack'. I will not see it as popular music, anything from ABBA to the Pistols. Pop music is the most influential form of media, right. A lot more people are interested/influenced by pop music than by literature, politics, video, fashion, Art, etc. Infact pop music at it's best should encompass all the rest. Entertainment should be secondary but important nonetheless. At present more so than ever before, most groups/artists have one or two assets sussed but the rest are sadly lacking. Very few artists have clicked on everything. That is entertainment, politics, humour, fashion, art, originality and oh yes music. They're quite an elite group in the music world; early Rock'n'rollers, early Stones, Who, Velvets, Bolan, Bowie, Iggy, Alice maybe, Pistols, early Clash, most of the original punk bands, early Ants perhaps. Even the most sceptical observer could hardly describe these people at their best as just entertainment. In their own way, directly or indirectly they've not only changed music, they've also changed our lives, probably more so in the '80's than the likes of Kennedy, Churchill, Nixon, Stalin, etc.

Bands that get anywhere near this status today are hardly gonna change people's lives in any great way, TOH, Bauhaus, Killing Joke, Bunnymen, etc have all got the potential but there's something missing. In all these cases the music is excellent but they have not got any charisma. Perhaps this is a good thing. No more heroes. Andy World. 'In the future everyone will be a star for 15 minutes.' If that was what's happening it would be great, very healthy, but that's only in our little underground world, the same as it was in the old white haired sages day, perhaps a little more widespread now.

The masses are still the same in the meantime, they're still being brainwashed by the likes of ABBA, DISCO, JULIO INGLESIAS, STARSOUND, etc,etc, into complacency and not straying from their set roles and boring fucking lives. Will this go with time as that generation dies out or will it be perpetuated by whatever commercial fad comes alomg in this bubblegum society of ours. The latter I think if the resurgence of hip- soul/cabaret/decadence/style/video age- get fucked, bland, complacent, insiduous crap- no soul.

VIDEO WORLD- will it eventually make R'n'R obsolete, will there be another 'PUNK ROCK' reacting against it in 1984. Will we ever get SNUFF ROCK for real. Come to think of it. How come nobody abuses themselves on stage anymore? Where's Iggy when we need him?

Meanwhile HM/Reggae/Funk/R+B and now PUNK goes on regardless, occassionally revived when people forget what the original dinosaurs were like and getting even more eroded as do all historical relics

from the past.

The revolution of thought and expression that happened in '76-'77 has been completely bypassed by the outside world. Perhaps your mum does'nt chuck you out of home anymore for dying your hair green but today that's about as subversive as smoking a joint. TOTP's and DLT go on regardless, perpetuating MOR faggots and dilluting anything good and honest.

It's all gone full circle till pop music becomes hip again. It used to be hip to say 'Was'nt it awful before '76, now it's hip to say 'Is'nt it great that we're getting pop again like the good old days before '76.' At least it's hip to be dirty again according to Malcolm McLaren.

Even now there's still a few pockets of resistance. The battle is'nt yet lost. There's still people who know they're right. It was easy to be an escapist hippy after the event. But to be a punk in the true sense of the world is difficult if not impossible because punk was a genuine effort. The Ultimate...maybe. The whole parody necessitates change. Retain nothing but retain everything. Keep on your toes all the time. Dont get led up blind alleys but then they're all blind alleys 'till you've been up them. It is forbidden to forbid.

It was a culturally traumatic event. Probably the most important to happen this century. Sex Pistols did'nt kill Rock'n'Roll, they started it. They should become a reference point as the first totally honest performance in history.

My manifesto on pop stars is NO ONE'S SACRED and the point of a fanzine is to give anyone a soapbox to say anything they want about anything. The object of Vague is to winde people up and hopefully cause a reaction, preferably negative. It does'nt matter a fuck. At first was easy, everything was happening, there was a lot of enthusiasm and ideas. You could'nt go wrong, though many did. Now there's nothing.

I blame John Lydon. Is this his revenge for what we did to Johnny Rotten or is he just a closet case Jagger. He said 'Death Disco' was pro-disco instead of anti-. Since then everyone's been saying they're into disco. At first as a joke but now it's serious. The same as when punks started wearing creepers and quiffs as a joke, then it got serious. Lydon started that as well. PIL were great until they started to take themselves seriously. Everything is alright until you start to take it seriously. I hear Lydon has applied to become a naturalised US citizen, because of artistic restrictions in the UK. Is this the same geezer that said 'All you cowboys are faggots!' At least he still does'nt take himself seriously.

Getting back to the pop charts, have you noticed that the sort of crap you hated in the early'70's; Glitter,Suzi Quatro,Roxy Music, even T.Rex (Go on admit it!) sounds great today. If pop music is indicative of our attitude nation/world wide, it does'nt say much when the top 3 consists of the fucking Goombay Dance band, Tight Fit and Julio Inglesias. They're not even pretty, infact they're all positively ugly. That's not to mention 3 fucking football teams on TOTP's.

The positive side should be people like Human League,Altered Images,OMD,Classix, who should know better. They're now in a position of influence, but whether they realise it or not, they have not got any control anymore. They have to churn out the same old insidious trivial pap, both pointless and meaningless, to keep themselves in Johnson's clothes and Martin Rushent's studios.

The highly lucrative(Ludicrous) Bow-wow's should have turned the pop world upside down. But all theywere concerned with was going all out for a hit single. The hilarious thing about it, was they could'nt get a hit! Oh dear Malcolm, you're getting a bit old. You only get one chance.

I did'nt want to mention Adam because that becomes a bit tiresome but nonetheless it's fascintating. Adam did the ultimate. You've got to give him his due he did'nt do it in small measures. In the space of a year, he transformed himself from the most subversive underground radical to the most sickly, trashy teeny bop idol since Donny Osmond. He sold his soul to pop and broke a lot more hearts then than he does now when ex.tarts sell there stories to the gutter press about him. Must not get personal tho'. Adam was the last hope for a lot of people. He let a lot of people down but showed the thin line between the radical and the commercial. Adam still thinks he's doing the right thing in every way. He would, somebody who thinks Punk was all about having original SEX t-shirts and going to Hornsey art college and saying that being in 'Jubilee' was the biggest mistake of his life. Are'nt you just fucking sick of hearing him say that Punk was about the100 punks in London and the Pistols blew it when John Rotten left junior school.

Is this all that any of them were; Rotten, Strummer,Vanian, Devoto, Thunders et al, just frustrated pop stars. No, the thing is them and their latter day contemporaries; Brandon, Cope, Murphy, McCullough, etc. are just ordinary kids having their 15 minutes and nothing to be held sacred. No pop star ever was. Fuck 'em. Is'nt it about time somebody shot Paul McCartney for god's sake and have that Stevie Wonder as well whilst you're at it.

Elvis Costello's gorn senile, worse than the original fat twat. Bubblegum Joe Strummer's run away 'cos he was afraid of a good slagging. Rock'n'Roll may have become placid and monotonous but it's nowhere near as frightening as pop music. Rock'n'Roll Youth rebellion no matter how cliched and corny still needs soul to be convincing but pop is'nt possible unless there is no soul what so ever, just look at ABC for fuck's sake. It's entertainment at it's lowest level. Nobody can deny subconsciously tapping a foot to ABBA or more recently the atrociously sexist J.Geil's band 'Centrefold'. Especially with pop music's present hipness, you lose all perspective of what you want.

Unfortunately in 1982 you cant slag pop because it's hip. When I've sussed out what 'Hip' means I'll write something about it and about hippies, who are the main root of this problem. Dont trust 'em.

However TOTP's/RADIO 1/ MUSIC PRESS/SMASH HITS/etc could and will be ground down. The radicals of today will eventually get through. It wont happen like PUNK ROCK, which will be used as a ref; point, but it will all be laid wide open. No one is innocent. Nobody gets out alive.

The world's a pretty nasty place to live in really. Pop music (and the hippy attitude while we're at it) is escapism. It tries to make it nice. Why not be nasty back.

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BY THE SYSTEM.
ANARCHY.
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SCREAMING OUT IN THIS TORTUOUS
MEDIOCRTY.
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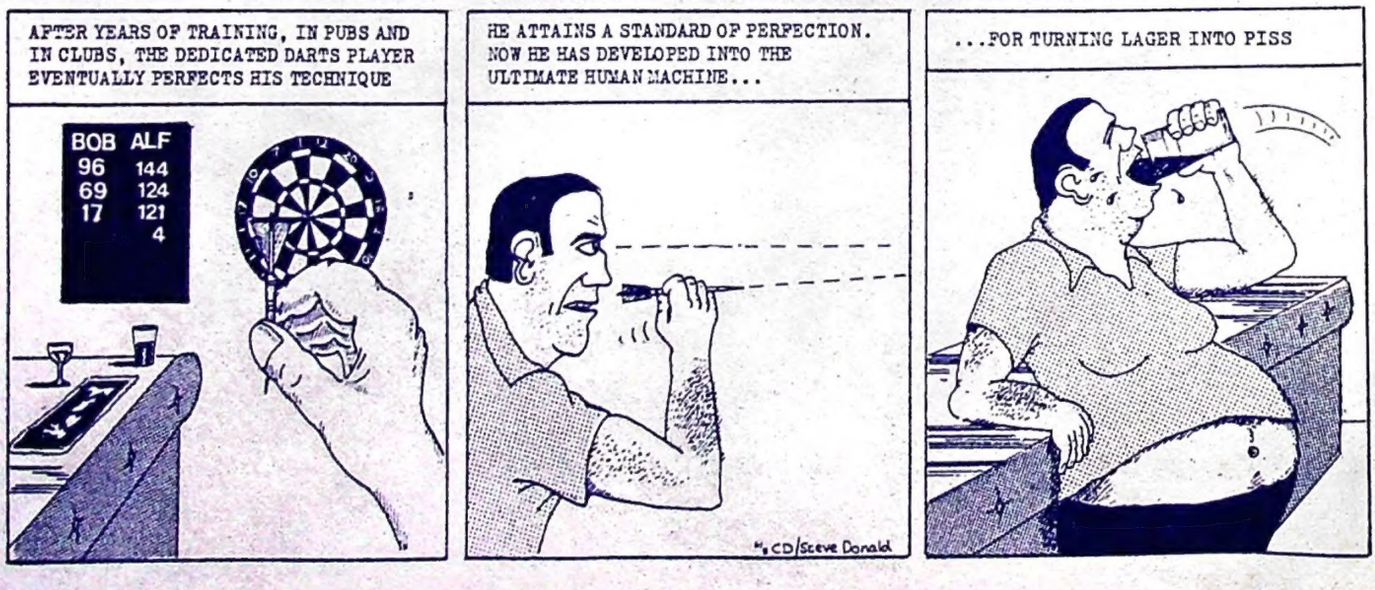

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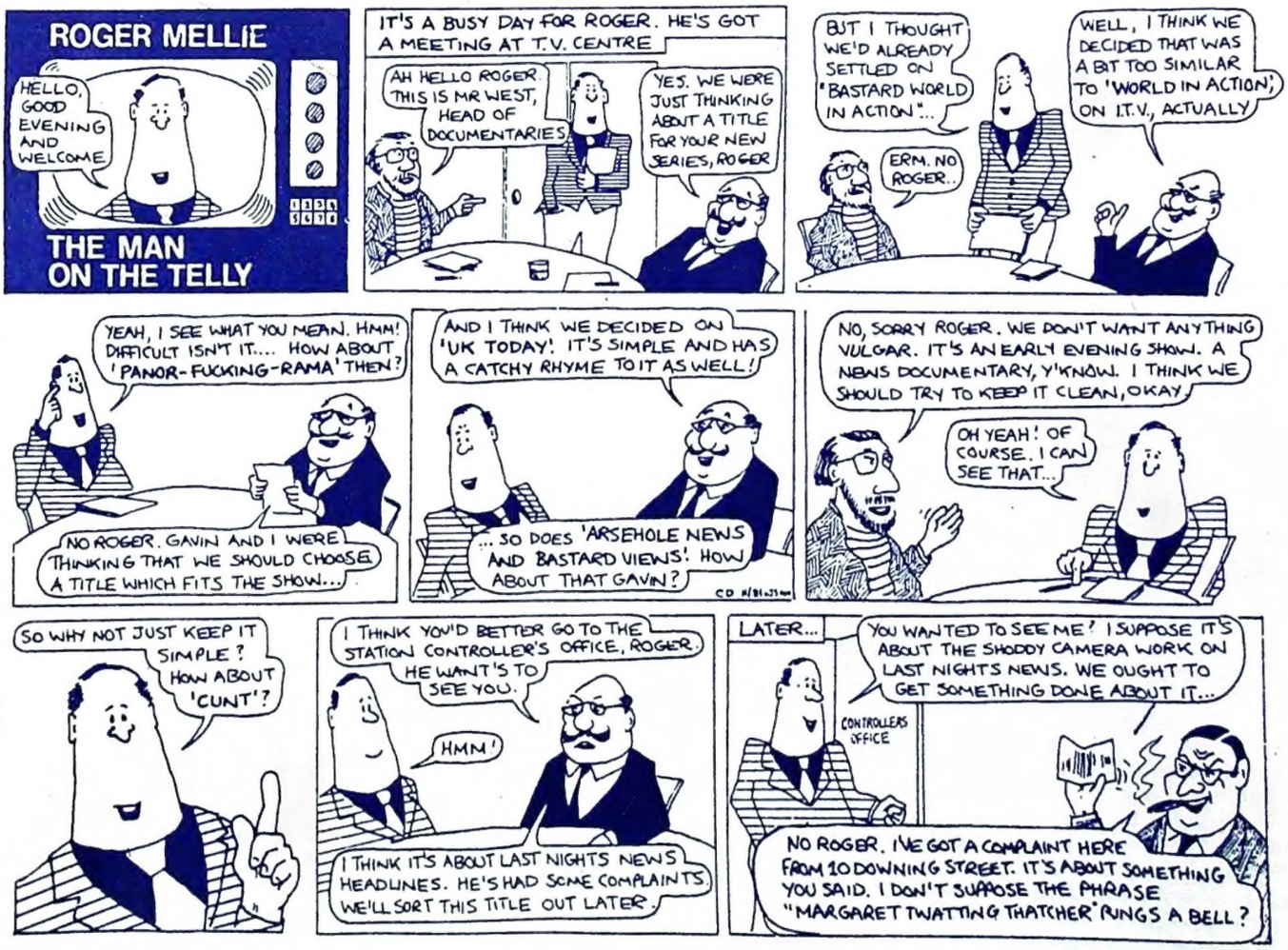

U.K. DECAY

A bit of a spur of the moment one this. Not a particularly Vague band you might think, but names can be deceptive. UK DECAY has often been mistaken for a Bushell band. The publicity they get on the back of 'Exploited' leathers has'nt helped matters. That's usually good enough reason for me to give a band a good slagging, but lead singer Abbo was an old Ants fan. Names can be misleading.

I can remember being briefly impressed by them at last year's Futurama but my brain had been too abused for anything to register. Then at the start of this year you just could'nt get away from them. They nearly blew Killing Joke off at the Palais and probably would have given TOH similar treatment if certain plugs had not been pulled. I was much impressed Abbo had picked up a few tricks from vintage Adam and their primal punk sound could soon surpass the Joke themselves.

So I took their agent Paul Boswell up on his suggestion of an interview and we tottered round to the Marquee to see what they had to say for themselves. We dig Abbo out from amongst his mutant punk followers. He's easy to spot. His beaming smile and enthusiastic eyes stand out in the murky depths of the Marquee. After fumbled introductions from us, Abbo is embarassingly enthusiastic about an interview and before we realise it he's grabbed Spon and Eddie and we're sitting in the bar over a hot cassette recorder.

TOM: DONT YOU FIND PEOPLE GET PRECONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE NAME?

ABBO: We used to. The name was instigated about 3 years ago from the song 'UK Decay' that became our first single. 'UK Decay' is'nt so much a dig at the UK in decline, no hope type job. It's more an optimistic use of the word in the decadent sense. UK Decadence.ie. Putting forward something different musically and idealistically.

The name just stuck. It's the decadence of the UK. The youth in this country are the most contemporary for-thinking in the world. I dont mean that in a bigoted, conceited sense, but in a musical sense the revolution happened here in the mid-70's. It's now spreading worldwide. Kids everywhere are faced with the same problems, basically the same outlook on life. Music in the Punk sense has had a lot to do with this awareness.

TOM: DO YOU STILL SEE YOURSELVES AS WORKING FROM A PUNK BASIS?

SPON: The original idealogy, yeah...

ABBO: I'm totally against the Pistols nihilism, the 'No future' thing was just hopeless. I'd like to think in a more optimistic sense.

TOM: I THINK THE PISTOLS WENT STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. THE HUMOUR WAS TONGUE IN CHEEK. IT WAS'NT IN A NEGATIVE WAY.

ABBO: That was the beauty of it. It's just people have taken it the wrong way. 'We've got no future man, Glue, pissed, drugs. It's an escapism.

TOM: IT'S BEEN DILLUTED DOWN BUT THAT HAD TO HAPPEN.

ABBO: It had. The Pistols acted as a catalyst but it's been taken to the extremes, mainly for financial reasons.

TOM: SO WERE YOU MORE INSPIRED TO GET A BAND TOGETHER BY THE ANTS THAN THE PISTOLS?

ABBO: I think my role in the music scene was a lot more to do with the Ants...or the Banshees. They sent off some wave of positive thinking that I'd never seen before.

TOM: IT'S THE SAME WITH US REALLY. WE STARTED ALL THIS UP MORE THROUGH THE ANTS AND THE BANSHEES THAN THE PISTOLS AND THE CLASH.

SPON: Well the Clash and the Pistols were more like standard rock bands. The music was'nt very different really, but the Banshees come along and put in variable drum rhythms and guitar sounds...

ABBO: It's like the Crass position at the moment. I'm totally in favour of their ideals but they're limiting themselves by carrying on that style of music. They're limiting the possibilities of their idealism. They are their as an idealistic band to put forward oppinions, rather than as a musical entity. If they really want to change the world, they should'nt alienate themselves with their minimalist music.

TOM: I THINK THEY LIMIT THEMSELVES WITH THEIR LACK OF HUMOUR AS WELL ...HOW IMPORTANT IS HUMOUR TO YOU?

SPON: You've got to have humour have'nt you.

TOM: IN STEVE KEATON'S SOUNDS THING YOU CAME ACROSS AS VERY DARK AND SINISTER.

ABBO: The trouble is that was edited. It's his style. Steve Keaton's a good writer. He's one of the few journalists I know who are actually in touch with what's going on. There's him, Mick Mercer and Mick Sinclair. (Ahem. Have'nt you forgot someone. Ed.) It's not just for the sake of creating crazes. They're actually going out and looking at new bands.

TOM: DO YOU SEE YOURSELVES OR THE LIKES OF DANSE SOCIETY FILLING IN THE CULT BANDS GAP THAT THE ANTS AND BANSHEES LEFT?

ABBO: It's hard for me to judge being in the band. Loads of people have compared us to the Ants, but not musically or idealistically. A lot of people come to our gigs and our singles are riding high in the independant charts but you cant read about us in the music papers. You just cant find anything out about the band and that's what makes it a cult. Like the Ants we pack places out in London but fall flat on our faces in places like Hull and Grimsby.

TOM: YEAH, WHENEVER WE SEEM TO GO TO A GIG IN LONDON, YOU'RE ON THE BILL, BUT HOW DO YOU GET ON OUT IN THE PROVINCES?

ABBO: There's areas like Manchester, Bristol/Cardiff/Northampton/Preston where we get big audiences, but you can go just down the road to Brum and only about 100 people will turn up and go 'Oh Christ, what's this? It aint fast enough. Again I think a lot of it is the misconceptions with the name, but the awareness is growing about us.

TOM: AS WITH CRASS, DO YOU MIND EXPLOITED FANS COMING TO YOUR GIGS OR DO YOU TRY TO CONVERT THEM?

ABBO: I think we have such a cross-section at our gigs. I think it's great. It's fair enough preaching to the converted. But bands like Linx are singing politico songs in the funky disco media, that does'nt usually put over any

political ideas. It's usually totally escapist. That's going to an audience that would'nt normally think about it.(If at all) Then I get a bit confused and I look at Linx and I look at Crass and I think who's doing the better job.
TOM: CAN YOU SEE YOURSELVES EVER GETTING INTO THE CHARTS OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT?
ABBO: We would'nt aim at it. It would have to come really. I'm totally disorientated with TOTPS, first seeing the Ants on there, I nearly dropped dead, then Theatre of Hate, then Killing Joke!
- Conversation drifts off into nostalgia about the Ants.
TOM: LOOKING AT IT NOW, ADAM WAS ALWAYS A BIT DODGY. I CANT SEE THAT SORT OF THING HAPPENING TO YOU, BUT IS'NT THERE A DANGER OF YOU GOING THE SAME WAY AS THE BANSHEES. THEY HAVE'NT SOLD OUT AS SUCH BUT THEY'VE LOST THAT EDGE BY BECOMING TOO PROFESSIONAL.
ABBO: I see what you're saying. The thing is we dont use managers, there's the four of us, the roadies, Paul Boswell our agent and that's it. Everybody talks to us. If it's a matter of UK Decay, it gets to us, rather than a row of business men. That way we cant lose touch with the fans.
TOM: AS YOU GET BIGGER WOULD YOU SOONER PLAY PLACES LIKE THIS OR BIG STRAIGHT MUSIC EXTRAVAGANZAS WHERE MORE PEOPLE CAN GET TO SEE YOU?
ABBO: I think there's good and bad in both situations. The billings got to be right and if you're positive enough about how you're going to do it, it'll come out alright.
SPON: I think it's a rough deal at the Lyceum and Futurama, 'cos they try to cram as many bands as possible on the bill. Then on the night they dont give a fuck. It's a real cattlemarket and there's a lot of politics involved about the order of bands. For example at the Lyceum, supporting TOH, we had the lights turned on on us because things were going to well for us...but then again at Killing Joke at the Palais, we met loads of people that had come to see Killing Joke and I'm pleased with that aspect of it.
TOM: DO YOU SEE THE PRESENT MUSIC SCENE AS HEALTHY OR DILLUTED AND WEAK AFTER THE PUNK EXPLOSION?
ABBO: It's good for Zig-Zag 'cos they thrive on pulling out cult bands, but it's desperate for NME and SNouds and of course the record business, because they thrive on crazes. So between 'em they've got to create something into a craze.

Fanzines are great, I buy them religiously, (Abbo gets side tracked) things like 'IN THE CITY' and 'VAGUE' cross the market. Fanzines are great until they lower their standards. Fair enough they're supposed to be underground and for the kid on the street, but it's like us, when we release an indie single, we like to think it's got the quality of a major label. Just because you're independant from the main stream does'nt mean you have to have low standards.
TOM: HAVE YOU STILL GOT YOUR INDIE LABEL GOING?
ABBO: Yeah, we've still got Plastic records, we've released 2 singles on that, 3 on Fresh and the LP on Fresh but we may go back to our own label. It's the economics of it and the fact that we do want to manage ourselves. But it's taking on another job, having your own label and it's hard to keep the continuity going when you're on tour.
TOM: GETTING BACK TO THE STEVE KEATON ARTICLE. YOU NEVER REALLY HIT ME AS BEING DARK AND SINISTER BAUHAUS TYPES?
ABBO: The trouble is between here and Birmingham, there's only two bands really, us and Bauhaus, and Play Dead maybe, they've got the same problems. I dont dislike the comparisons but I see Bauhaus as a contrived band with pre-planned ideas. We like to think we're different to that. We did dabble in the occult and that at first but we did'nt want to play on it like Killing Joke because it was a bit corny and heavy metalish. But having said that I am interested in writing lyrics about the unexplained side of life.
TOM: WHAT ELSE ARE YOUR LYRICS ABOUT?
ABBO: Err, there's no themes as such. They're as diverse as... there are things that keep croping up. There are songs that are connected like 'Dresden' and 'For my country', sort of anti-patriotism.
TOM: HOW DO YOU THINK YOU OR ANY BAND SHOULD TREAT POLITICS?
ABBO: I'd like to think as a band we're judged on our music. Politics are there but I dont want to put them in the fore front and use the band as a political vehicle.
CHRIS: YOU SAID IN SOUNDS, WHERE THE ANTS HAD A SEXUAL ROLE, YOU HAD A POLITICAL ONE.
ABBO: Politics of life I was saying, Ok, we have got a few songs about sexual hang ups and sexual progression. The Ants did really over play the leather, fetishism, bathroom function and all those things. Fair enough I've got a few sexual vices, baby lotion, the likes, but I dont feel the necessity to sing about them. It's self indulgent although the Ants did do it very well. I'm well aware that they existed but I obviously dont try to emulate them, unlike Martian Dance.

But as I said I'm influenced by everything. We do live, we dont just sit at home. We go to gigs 4 nights a week and you see so many different situations and different things happening. I have trouble talking to old schoolfriends, who work all week and only go out at weekends. It's a different world and it sounds like I'm boasting all the time.

I'm influenced by a lot of literature, Herman Hesser, Neitzsche,Brecht, 'Mephisto' the film. I'm basically stimulated by so many ideas. I dont walk around with my eyes shut like a lot of people.
TOM: HOW DO YOU SEE THE BAND GOING MUSICALLY?
ABBO: Eddie Branch, the bass player's only been in the band since Futurama and He's very strong mentally and technically. He's bringing out the positive side of the band and I think musically it's gonna change. We are writing new songs at the moment and they're really diverse and not just for the sake of diversity. It's having a positive 4th member. All our other bassists have been very easy going. He's actually grabbed us by the neck and said look I want to do some of my own stuff, like this...

We are 4 very different people That's probably why the band moves, 'cos there's so much friction within the band. It does come to blows sometimes...

That seems like a good point to end. After that we just babbled on about the old days and you get enough of that anyway.

The Marquee had crossed all the plus ones off the guest list, so there's hassle getting in. In the end Abbo pays for Chris to get in. I know, we're getting worse. However we've missed most of DANSE SOCIETY which was a shame because they seemed mucho interesting and Mick and Pete Scott had been nagging me to go and see them for ages.(There might be an interview though, so dont dispair) The sound and vision that we got was slices of noise mixed together in heavy, jarring, sinister pieces, seemed to be influenced more by the Velvets than Bauhaus, means a lot that does'nt it?

A strange force pulls me from the bar, as the shouts of the converted hail the arrival of UK Decay, nothing cosmic just poverty. To their jokish wall of noise, Abbo bounds onto the stage with a grin that makes Nick Heyward look mean and moody. Does'nt look right somehow but who cares, one Pete Murphy is quite enough. Abbo's right Eddie Branch does add a more solid edge. I would'nt have noticed unless he'd told me. They have that distinctive primal punk sound that only a few bands have achieved.

Abbo's boundless enthusiasm for his art, keeps them going through dodgy moments in their set, where it verges on thrash. I hope that goes soon and with it the relic from the past punks that let Abbo and his ideals down. When is someone going to exorcise the ghost of Punk Rock so we can get going again or dont we get another chance. I diverse. UK Decay finish with a song that escapes me at the moment but it's well up in the class of 'Requiem','Bela Lugose' 'Neitzsche baby'. Dry ice completely engulfs the stage, strobes flash epileptically as Abbo cavorts...4 years ago another young man did a similar routine on those same boards. Lets hope Abbo does'nt go the same way as that young man did.....TOM..

THE DANCE SOCIETY

BY THE DANCE SOCIETY

"MUSIC FOR THE MASSES"

BACKGROUND.

'78/'79'ish- Steve Rawlings and Paul Gilmartin were in Y?/Lyndon and Paul were a duo called Lips-X who never gigged but recorded cassette albums, both doubling on various instruments. Y? played several northern gigs and had a track on the Sheffield compilation album "Bouquet of steel". The two bands (Y? + Lips-X) joined forces and became 'Danse Crazy'. In this format we also played several dates including Futurama 2 fest. in Leeds and a couple of supports with the Cure. This would have been around '79-'80'ish.

2 members of Danse Crazy left and moved to London and I think did some work with the 4 be 2's. (Keyboard player and bass player left) We decided to stick to just one keyboard player (Lyndon), and after a long time searching filled the vacant bass position with Tim. For several months after this we hid away and practised a whole new set before releasing ourselves on the unsuspecting world. We changed the name to THE DANSE SOCIETY and played our first gig at the Marples in Sheffield.

SOCIETY
RECORDS

'There is no shame in death' was recorded in Sept'80 for the 'Danse Crazy' live LP as was 'Dolphins'(on the other side) at Smile studios in Manchester. 'No Shame' was more of an experimental mess around in the studios for a couple of days and that was the end result. The lyrics were taken from a book on excorcism (or however you spell it) and some of the words are extracts from a verse a priest or whatever would recite whilst excorcising evil spirits, etc.(Weird huh) This was'nt intentional but I went through a phase of being into that sort of stuff, wrote the verses,etc and it all seemed to flow together."De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum" is,"There is no Shame in Death" in Latin. We never rehearsed it or performed it live or anything, and our sound live is totally different to this, although just as brilliant (in my vain oppinion) 'No Shame' is just like, easy listening, background music to relax to. It's my personal favourite recording to date, along with 'These Frayed Edges' which was recorded at a studio in Stockport after the split of Dance Crazy with just the 4 remaining numbers and Lyndon doubling on bass (before Tim joined).

However this went into cold storage for sometime. In March of '81 T.D.S.(with new bass player Tim Wright)went into Ric-Rac studios, Leeds and recorded the two tracks 'Clock' and 'Continent'. Sent them off to a pressing plant and had 1,000 singles pressed. We designed, printed, folded and stapled all the sleeves ourselves. All this was paid for with our own hard earned cash, thus we formed our own label SOCIETY RECORDS. John Peel picked up on the single and it got a little air play which boosted our sales and called for further pressings.

Through this we attracted interest from PAX records, a Sheffield based label who offered to release 'No Shame', we gave the go-ahead and it was released as a 12" 45RPM maxi-single. This came out several months after the release of 'Clock'/'Continent' and over a year after it was recorded.

The latest single 'We're so happy' was taken from a recently recorded Peel session. We played a John Peel Roadshow(at the request of the man himself) at Sheffield Uni, which led to a session being arranged. For this we recorded the 4 tracks 'We're so Happy', 'Woman's Own','sandy corner' and 'Love as positive narcotic'.

'We're so Happy' and 'Woman's Own' were then released on PAX in 7" and 12" form. The 12" contained the two extra tracks 'Belief' recorded at Ric-Rac/ Leeds and the afore mentioned 'Continent'.

POLITICS

I personally feel there is so much politics everywhere you turn today. Music should be an escape from it. We do in some cases mix the two, but in an indirect way (If there is an item we feel strongly enough about) the lyrics usually need some thinking about.

VENUES

We like playing any sort of decent venue, with a decent audience who are genuinely interested in us. We like people to come to our gigs and enjoy themselves, have a laugh, etc, rather than stand there and ponder the meaning of life.

Recently we've played quite a few colleges, they're OK, you get a decent stage, good PA and lights supplied but more often than not there has been little advertisement. Only SU members are admitted so people who genuinely want to see us cant get in, so we end up with a load of pissed up students, who probably wont remember the band the next day.

PIC: L to R; Paul,Steve,Tim,Lyndon + Paul.

CND
CND was just an example, we are not crticizing CND (although it is a very debateable subject) but we meant we would'nt play the sort of gig which has a big political statement tied to it. The 'Wargasm' album is'nt saying "Britain should disarm" or anything like that, it is just saying "war is wrong" which is a fair enough statement in my point of view.

INFLUENCES
Someone asked me out of the blue if I wanted to sing in a band, that's when we formed Y? Before that I did have an active interest in music,(seeing bands, etc) After a while it did develop into an escape from the work/pub/steady bird routine, that is quite dominant in Barnsley life.

Catagorizing the music is very difficult. I dont think we are at all like TOH, Bauhaus, etc, I personally feel we're a lot more accessible.

We dont really have any influences as such. Everyone might be personally influenced by something but there is no attempt to put this across in the way we do things.

We all listen to such a wide range of things. Lyndon at the moment is into funk and rapping, Tim used to love the Ants (old Ants) I like all sorts of stuff from Motorhead to Bucks Fizz. (Recently I've been to a lot of laid back, easy listening music, Shakeatake, Freeez, etc, etc.) which is really nice! Giggy also likes just about everything but especially Alice Cooper. I dont know what Paul likes.

SUPERSTARDOM
I feel we have the potential to 'take off in a big way' but we'll have to see, only time can tell. (I personally feel we are better than a lot of the shits getting all the fame and fortune at the moment and we seem to be improving all the time) Interested to hear your point of view!

EXCUSES
Yeah, I 'spose I better do something now. I bet you're thinking that's an original idea, getting the band to write about themselves. Well, it's not at all really. It's just that I did a brilliant interview with them, best I've done in a long time with the best new band I've seen in a long time, got home and played the tape back and nothing. Needless to say my fucking cassette recorder got it's just deserts for it. We kicked shit out of the thing. Nothing but trouble since I got the bleedin' thing. I've got a snazzy new Ingersoll stereo one now...my train of thought has been derailed.

Anyway mucho thanks to Steve Rawlings for helping us out in a tight spot. I had been meaning to check out Danse Soc. for some time, after hearing many good things about them from the likes of Pete Scott, Mick Mercer, Abbo of Uk Decay. I missed most of their set when they supported Abbo's mob at the Marquee, but we caught up with them again when they played Bath Moles just before the Classix tour.

We knew at first sight they were our sort of people, a really nice bunch and well in touch with what's going on. The manager of Moles tells them 'We dont get any yobs down here'. One of the Society replies 'No only us'. During their epic sound check I talk Ant nostalgia with Tim and check on mutual acquaintances with Steve, whilst Paul (definately not a drummer's drummer) continuously pounds at his kit. I've never seen anyone so into hitting things. All the way through the aborted interview he was tapping away at a chair or something.

They would have gone on stage (but there was'nt one) late, the place is virtually empty. Think a lot of people thought it was dancing lessons. Somehow the Danse Society manage to teach the naff audience some new steps. Their personality and natural enthusiasm ouzes(or however you spell it.) off the stage if there was one. This is the sort of thing Bow-wow-wow should be doing and Steve is much prettier than Annabella, new Marc Bolan anybody?

Not as much Killing Joke as I thought there would be, infact they're not dark and sinister at all. That heavy bassy wall of sound is there but really it's more like spontaneous pop, real danceability. Their post-punk disco is where the Ants left off. Today everything is either black or white, dark or light. The Danse Society combine the two without being grey and uninteresting.

Find out for yourselves. I dont really know enough about them. I'll have to see them about another 50 times. The Danse Society will be enormous. I cant see anything stopping them. It's all there. Come in Haircuts and co your 15 minutes is nearly up.

THE DANSE SOCIETY ARE:

STEVE RAWLINGS - VOX
PAUL GILMARTIN - DRUMS
LYNDON SCARFE - KEYBOARDS
PAUL NASH - GUITAR
TIM WRIGHT - BASS

MUSIC FOR THE MASSES

KILLING JOKE

REVELATIONS

"CAN YOU FURTHER THE KILLING JOKE"

'If Killing Joke were'nt a band, they'd be dead.'
(Julie Burchill; quote of the year.)

Got a good excuse for not doing the long awaited Killing Joke interview again, but nonetheless, a good excuse for featuring them. Un beknown to us when we tripped round to Hammy Palais to check them out in Feb, we were witnessing their last proper gig, complete with Jaz. The next night at Brighton, Jaz stormed off to Iceland to sit out armagedion.

Joe Strummer's AWOL looked pathetic in comparison to Jaz and then Geordie's exploits. The music press really took the blunt of the Killing Joke. About a month after Jaz pissed off, SNOUDS 'exclusively' announced that said Joker had gone to Peru to sit out the holocaust, mistaking THEYR or PEYR, the band Jaz was working with in Iceland, for the country he had gone to. The Ultimate Killing Joke. Jaz must have been reading up on situation ism as well as Aleister Crowley. Oh dear, Sounds.

But the news that occult enthusiast Jaz thought that are own Maggie Thatcher is the anti-christ and Ronald Wilson Reagan amounts to 666, meaning the beast has been verified and the end is only 20 months away, is'nt so *funny considering the present circumstances.*

I'm normally sceptical but if you've read your 'Revelations'(!?!) It all fits. The forces coming from each side of the ocean and destroying the world and all that. Theyr(Thaw) manager Gudni Agnarsson told NME; "We just know there will be disasters, both natural catastrophes and human acts. So we want it to withstand the last wave. After that, we know a new age is coming." Jaz told NME; "Just fuck off, right."

Theyr, who might have impressed you recently on Peelie, are not yer ordinary rock group. Apparently they've been experimenting with electro-magnetic waves and claim to be able to psychically control their audience in concerts and living rooms(?). From what I heard on Peelie, they sound great but I would'nt go that far.

So that looks like the end of the Killing Joke in it's present form, for the time being. vague or what! So what we're left with is 'Revelations'. I think I better review it 'cos I dont know much about Aleister Crowley and I have'nt been reading NME much lately so Jaz could be in the Falklands for all I know.

So did complacency kill the cat, not by the sound of it. The sound of it is by top kraut producer, Conny Plank. The production is good as well, clearer and sharper, rather than the usual drone. Jaz's vocals are noticeably clearer, the songs sound more like ballads to the doomed delivered like sharp penetrating crystal. Gone is the 'What's this for?' Noise/disco (evident on 'Follow the Leaders') and a lot of the sardonic humour from the second album.

'Revelations' kicks off with 'The Hum', which lulls you into a false sense of security then with wicked ambiguity introduces the next or last installment of the Killing Joke. 'Empire Song' is probably not their best single, although it's great live, hearing it on TOTP's was'nt a sell-out. People that call that a sell-out dont know what they're talking about. I cant really see Killing Joke,in any form, being nice and acceptable, can you?

The album is'nt funny or nice. It is a collection of dark nursery rhymes. Makes Tolkien seem shallow; 'Have a nice day','We have joy', the bombastic chant 'Land of milk and honey', all delivered with the same chilling certainty. Killing Joke are'nt very nice at all. They are malicious in a lovable sort of way. As Kris Needs said in ZZ, we need them now more than ever before. 'Revelations' is the best album they've ever done. If you dont think so on first couple of plays, keep at it and I'm sure it'll get thru' to you eventually.

Killing Joke dabble but not in the comic HM satanic way. I think the theme of the album is something about a race that used to live on earth, but they got so decadent, the gods expelled them. We took their place on the condition that we behave ourselves. The first race are still about, waiting for us to blow it, then they can take over the Earth once again. This is a belief held by the likes of Ozzy Osbourne.

'There was a rhyme that was'nt a rhyme,
In a time that was'nt a time,
There was a place that was'nt a place,
There was a race that was'nt a race,

But I lived in a city no-one knew,
thousands of people, indecisions,
chained in by sorrow everyone,
started to wonder how it had begun.
Waiting for leaders to lead them to pens,
Queues went for miles and millions to come,
Fall of because write us a few,
Friend kept complaining and joined the queue!

Still was a place that was'nt a place,
Still a race that was'nt a race,
Had to find it, it was'nt round here,
Such a thought - a simple idea,
Long hall and benches, flesh on the spit,
Music was playing, wine to drink,
Women of scarlet, faces of flame,
Laughter and argue, ever the same.

'The Pandys are coming' Copyright; The Energy Music Co Ltd 1982.

Well, I'm off to Iceland, only a few months to go, someone better tell all those Sounds journalists in Peru that NME made it all up, 'cos they could'nt find any interesting stories. Have a nice day....

sounds LIKE MUTINY!

...But old crocks BLACKFOOT can still kick ass, Steve Keaton gets banned from a pub with PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

Boozin' Bristolians JAGUAR take Geoff Barton for a ride All in next week's Sounds!

Each week, more people in the UK buy Sounds than any other music paper, and yet the quality of the writing, news, photography and layouts is at an all-time low- it's just lucky for Bushell and his cronies that this absolutely rock-bottom in style co-incides with the NME "collective" disappearing up their own Thesaurus and losing readers like Adam losing Ants.

But Sounds maintains it's "street" appeal despite virtually losing touch with what's happening out on the streets themselves (Well, Covent Garden ain't exactly slumming it!). There was a time - remember Suck and Savage, Goldman and Dadomo, plus the young Bushell, the young Robertson and the young McCullough- when Sounds was a pulsating, vital organ of rock culture, not content to dip a teasing big toe into the tepid waters, but to splash about and cause waves. This sense of excitement and urgency has been replaced by a sense of world weary apathy and "play-safe" conservatism, which has winessed/caused sales figures to leap as the interest value drops alarmingly. Sounds is in the artistic doldrums, but laughing all the way to the bank.

What's lacking at the paper is the previously cherishehed enthusiasm and caring passion; these are the two qualities that shone like blazing beacons through that dazzling era of '77 as Suck, Savage and Co weilded words like blow torches, aflame with the searing brilliance of love for the music around them. These qualities are soon dulled by the structure, the inate corporate tardiness of Sounds which cannot understand the sparkling effervescance of genuine, frightening raw talent, and which destroys that which it cannot understand.

Thus Savage and Suck had to leave, while Bushell has had his edge eroded by the monolithic rock industry - a free lunch here, a trip abroad there, the company smile with a sting, this is how the rebels are cajoled back into line, bribed away from the straight and narrow path of justice- leaving only McCullough, dear old Div, alone and alienated, increasingly out on a limb, continually out on his own. Brief (d)alliances with Burkham and Sanai failed to help him and he's Sounds' rock hermit, occassionally dashing out of his cave with tablets of truth, but too blinded by the dark cave to look into the sun any more.

And, behind his back, laugh the scared men - the "good old boys" of Heavy Metal and "all the lads together" of punk, with Bushell astride the two camps less like the Colossus of Rhodes and more like a colossal joke, everyone having lost faith in him except the dead-end kids who turn to him for re-assurance that their (Oi!) music is more than just redundant violent imagery and that ol' mysoginist "good time" schtick in new clothes.

Of course, it's not all gloom, but the pockets of resistance (some of Harry Papodopoulos' photos, ditto Steve Rapport, of course McCullough, also the emerging talents of Chris Burkham, the surprisingly talented Philip Bell, Mick Middles and - most importantly - MYSELF) are too disparate, too scattered - sometimes we dont even talk to each other, much less get organised - to ever lauch a caring, counter-revolution of culture.

Ironically, the powers that be are similarly organised; there's no coherent policy of reviews and features, no forward planning of any note and virtually no retrospective analysis of the paper's (few) successess and (many) failures. Thus when a really good issue somehow escapes from the printers, it's good fortune, an accumulation of the brighter elements combining to confound all the lowest common denominator odds...usually writing by me, Mac or Crispy, with pix by Harry or Steve, and laid out by Edwin Pouncey, theonly true artist on the paper!

If there is any true hope for an improvement at Sounds, then it must lay with new blood, or with the freelancers becoming more involved - simply because the staf dont have a clue what's going on, very few of them ever going to gigs or seeing new bands, and thus the hoary rock myths of cock rock run rampant, with white middle-class married men from suburbia writing articles about ass-kicking, hard-drinkin', hard-driven', womanising boogie merchants and living out their fantasies in print when they're so damn scared of their wives to do anything of the sort at home!

These are your rock writers, your experts, your arbiters of taste, your musical analysts... the pathetic tired old men!

Where Sounds is so successful, though, is in it's wide range of music in all it's fads and fancies - from Oi! to Reggae to HM and the post-punk modernists - but even here it cant resist reducing it allto gutter level and encouraging tribal sniping, mirrored by a different writer as the figurehead of each tribe; Geoff Barton as Master of Metal Mayhem, Betty Page as the Electro-bop Lady, Bushell as skinhead rabb rouser (but you should see the bea and beer gut he's got now), with the rest of us vainly trying to squeeze in a few good new bands, to make the paper worth it's 35p price.

But maybe things will improve - Sounds is to get a new editor, with Alan Lewis being promoted to Editorial supremo with overall responsibility for Sounds, Noise, Kerrang and Record Mirror. I've already tackled him about some new ideas, a fresh impetus, a drastic re-appraisal of the whole paper- and he's agreed we could improve a lot and that our coverage of new bands is at the moment deplorable. "Maybe we've lost direction a little" he concedes.

But then, along with the others safe in their jobs, he might just be laughing behind my back, so it's back to my own little cave...

JOHNNY WALLER

I could have written this article a lot more simply with a few choice words, as you can well imagine Johnny, but I'm sure you'll find this far more interesting and revealing. Johnny Waller has been writing for Sounds, Record Mirror and occasionally Zig-Zag since early 1978 and has recently moved to London to become even more involved in (hopefully) shaping the future direction of Britain's best selling pop weekly and becoming as infamous as Paul Morley(?).

Lager and lime

Britain's biggest-selling rock weekly

SOUNDS

is looking for a new

EDITOR

Apply in writing to Mike Sherman, Publ
Director, [illegible]

PETE SCOTT PREDICTS THE DOWNFALL OF THE ARCHAIC

A couple of months ago, Tom got in touch with me and asked if I'd be interested in writing a regular column for 'Vague', covering such subjects as TV and current affairs. I think the idea was for me to establish my self as a kind of all-purpose mass media guru with a controversial oppinion for every occassion. As Tom himself put it to me, "How would you like to be to 'Vague' what Julie Burchill is to 'The Face'?" What a complete cunt, you mean, Tom? (there are'nt words to describe the hatred I feel for Julie Burchill.)

Although I found Tom's offer flattering, I was a bit dubious about the idea. I dont really see myself as a magazine columnist. I dont think I have the necessary qualifications. Magazine columnists are basically concerned with the difference between right and wrong. They tend to spend their time churning out weighty tracts on the sorry state of the world in general. This is equally true of James Cameron in 'The Guardian', Keith Waterhouse in 'The Daily Mirror', Douglas Fairey (Sic) in 'Weekend' and Burchill herself in 'The Face'. They all adopt a self-important, often very holier-than-thou attitude. And while it may be okay for them, I dont really see myself in the same role. I'm not a doctor, lancing society's moral boils. For one thing, I can be as corrupt as the next bastard when I put my mind to it. And for another, I try never to interfere in political matters. (C'mon, Pete, get on with it.Ed.) However, I do occassionally think aloud....

For the last issue of 'Vague' I did a brief and not very well thought out piece on the CND resurgence. Looking back over it now, the whole thing seems half baked and confusing. What I'd like to do here is qualify and (hopefully) clarify my views on the subject of arms and disarmament.

To begin with, an obvious statement, nuclear weapons constitute the most serious and far reaching problem facing us today - a problem with profound, political, moral, religious (?) and philosophical implications. They are also an ecological problem, since their very existence pollutes our environment.

The issue is made all the more scary by the fact that it is extremely complex- so complex that the human mind cannot come to terms with it. Anyone who tries to confront the problem soon realizes that he or she is in the grip of vast impersonal forces. The world of international politics resembles a huge chess board where the players are constantly vying for position and advantage. (As author William Burroughs wrote in 'The Naked Lunch', "Population blocks disappear in a checker game of genocide...any number can play ...")

What's more, the world situation is deteriorating at an alarming rate. New and potentially devatating crisis keep arising with monotonous regularity; Iran...the Horn of Africa ...the Gulf...Afghanistan... Poland...At present Reagan and his cronies are doing their damndest to manufacture a crisis in South America. First it was Korea, then it was Viet-Nam. Now it looks like being El Salvador. The whole idea of containing communism wherever it rears it's head can only result in the americans committing themselves to one lunatic military venture after another. A depressing prospect.

The point here is that there are now so many political flash-points around the world that something must be done to defuse the nuclear threat pretty soon. Otherwise it can only be a matter of time before spaceship Earth is reduced to cosmic dust. Obviously all nations should destroy their nuclear arsenals at once, and maybe their nuclear physicists as well, just to be on the safe side. But even that would pose quite a disposal problem, and it is'nt really likely to occur. Once you have armaments, disarmament automatically becomes very unlikely. Nuclear disarmament is'nt occuring, and given the state of the world today, it cant occur in terms of itself. The Death brokers are'nt going to give to give up their shiney toys, much less their profits. Not unless they are suddenly confronted by a massive (and I mean massive) upsurge of public oppinion. Which is where groups like CND come in.

Speaking for myself, I'm unhappy about certain aspects of the British peace movement. I feel that outside influences may be attempting to use CND for their own ends. I also object strongly to the vacuous 'Jobs not Bombs' slogan, because it has the effect of reducing the incredibly complex issue of nuclear disarmament to a simple minded Either/or prposition. The suggestion that we must either have bombs or full employment is neither here nor there. Besides which, the correlation between the arms race and mass unemployment is so slender as to be meaningless. The issue of nuclear disarmament cannot be reduced to simplistic black and white terms; there are a thousand intermediate shades of grey.

(And if I may be permitted to digress for a moment, just what are all these Right to Work campaigners really asking for? They are asking, as a recent issue of NME pointed out, for the right to be exploited. For the right to spend their lives in a state of unthinking, serf-like obedience. I've had a few jobs since I left school about eight years ago, and they've all been fucking awful - dull, tedious, boring, uninvolved and uninvolving.

worse they've all been totally devoid of any leeway for self expression. Anyone who wants the Right to Work is a pillock - an idiot with no idea of what life is all about. (Hello Gene!) That's why it does'nt bother me whenever I hear of some young kid killing himself because he cant find a job. Anyone who feels that having a job is more important than life itself might as well kill himself. Because he's as good as dead anyway.)

So what is the answer to the nuclear impasse? How the fuck should I know? I'm not even sure that there is an answer. It maybe that once a situation reaches the political/military stage, it is by definition issoluble. On the other hand, where there's life there's hope. Anti-Nuclear sentiment is beginning to snowball on an international scale. To quote William Burroughs again, "It would seem that the message of total resistance is indeed out on the short-wave of the world." Our leaders are condemned out of their own mouths, and this is particularly true in America. Reagan rode all the way to the Whitehouse on a tide of anti-soviet feeling, but his rhetoric is now starting to back up on him like a clogged drain. Pretty soon he's going to find himself knee deep in shit. What is happening in North America today is something that has never happened before; Total Confrontation. The lies are obvious the machinery is laid bare; the Americans are being shoved around by the dead weight of a berserk control system. Their social programmes are being dismantled to feed their war machine; their way of life is collapsing - fast.

And the same thing appears to be happening on the other side of the Iron curtain. Communism is a relatively new political phenomenon; in a sense it began as a reaction to capitalism. For this reason it lacks flexibility. At present it is expanding outwards like a balloon, but there is nothing at its centre. I'm sure that if we can stave off a war long enough, both systems will collapse. What will happen then is anybody's guess. Total anarchy, most likely.

My analysis of the world situation may seem naive or feeble minded, but there's nothing I can do about that. It may also seem pessinistic, but believe me, I'm no pessimist. If anything I'm an optimist. But above all I'm a realist. And realistically speaking, I think things look pretty grim at present.

When I sat down to write this article, my intention was to clarify my feelings on the subject of nuclear disarmament. Now that I come to look back over what I've written, I cant help feeling that I've only succeeded in confusing the issue even more. The whole thing does'nt even read like an article; it's really just a collection of notes based around a common theme. Still, if it has the effect of making people think, even for a little while, about what's going on in the world, then it wont have been a complete waste of time.

I usually round off my articles and reviews with a clever, witty or epigrammatic concluding paragraph, but for once I'm not even going to try. In this instance, the harsh reality of the subject matter effectively rules out the use of such a glib device. In keeping with the overall tone of this piece, there is no concluding paragraph.

PETE SCØTT

(I would like to point out that this article draws heavily on the works of William Burroughs 'The Job' and 'Sidetripping'.)

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THEATRE of HATE

Back to the halcyon days I'm afraid, with another VAGUE cock up. As I told ya last issue, Ig the speeding dutchman was working for TOH. He was going to interview them but he's too busy sueing (How do you spell it?) everyone. Niel from Durham was going to do it but did'nt get a lot of co-operation so I've had to knock something out meself.

As it happened I'd been on a bit of the 'West world' tour, but was too busy ligging/getting pissed/etc to do an interview..... enufff of the feeble excuses. This is supposed to be VAGUE. Vagrants dont want to know about popsters boring lives, they want to know how pissed Tom Vague got and how long it is since he last had a portion.

Well, there's still no luck on the portion front but any offers out there will be looked into and enthusiastically followed through ....what was I supposed to be writing about. Oh yeah, the TOH tour. Well, I did'nt go to Gravesend, Brighton, Keele, Newcastle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Leeds, Preston, Colwyn Bay, Hull, West Runton, Gambridge or Cardiff. So to make up for that I'll do more on background. I never saw the Pack or Crisis...hang on a bit. The Pack supported the Ants once, but I did'nt go to that one.

You might be wondering, 'Why is this cunt writing this article?' But you've got to realise this is a new concept in minimalist journalism However I did see Theatre quite early. About a year and a half ago supporting Classix at the Lyceum. There had been a lot of fuss about them around London but I was'nt that impressed. They came across to me as an updated raunchier version of Gen-x, but you could see that they had something. Was it the soul of the thing? It certainly was'nt Kirk's ears, they did'nt stand out so much then. Infact Kirk was positively shy then, and a far cry from the conquistador we see today.

2002 REVUE

The Lyceum gig was the practise gig for the now legendary 2002 Revue, that showcased Classix, Theatre, Shock, Naked Lunch, etc, etc, etc, around the halls of the UK. This tour ironically established Theatre, the only 'punk' (It's a dirty word now) band on the bill whilst leaving Classix and the rest in relative obscurity. Unlike most of the punters on the tour I was still indecisive about TOH. It was around this time that the number of exagerated Mac Curtis haircuts increased around London and TOH indirectly started the Punkabilly cult, which consisted of disillusioned young Ant fans and reformed punky types. Unlike the Ants however, this time it consisted largely of Londoners. This was unfortunate as was the tribal stereotypes that existed. Suddenly everybody started to look like Kirk Brandon, although nobody quite had the ears for it. Nobody ever wanted to look like Adam.

The first gig I got to on the 2002 REVUE was Bristol, besides the fact that I hate the place, TOH did'nt impress me much at all. A week later, at Guildford, I got to see them again and I caught the bug. I was impressed by their unpretentious sound. They really seemed like they meant it, maaan. That's about all I got to see of 'em on 2002. Although I honestly did make an effort, I got delayed in various pubs on all the other dates and missed them. 2002 REVUE was a great tour, everybody had a nice time, but after the Rainbow showpiece, it was time for everyone to go their seperate ways.

THEATRE IN FUTURE DAZE

Get ready for a paragraph summing up of a year...Theatre of Hate continued to build up their following. Did two lowkey tours, released a steady stream of singles; 'Rebel without a Brain', 'Original Sin','Legion','Nero', and the 'He who dares wins' live cassette. All of these releases started with the Clash, threw away all the thrills, cut it down to the basics, made Joe Strummer 10 years younger, stuck on a sax and played. The highlight of '81 for TOH was the two Futurama's, they conquered both with only Bauhaus and Bow-wow-wow anywhere in contention.

At Stafford everyone had come to see Theatre of Hate except me it seemed, I'd come to nick their backstage beer. The Bingley hall erupted as they hit the lefthand stage and even from my vantage point, way up in a corner of the backstage bar/balcony, you could see that the shy London Punks had grown up into stars.

Early fans probably prefer the raunchier, amateur, garage stuff, as I did with the Clash, Banshees and suchlike. With TOH it's different. Their well earned confidence had given them a tighter freshness that cant be mellowed by professionalism. Even so Kirk Brandon did look very important. Could this be the same bloke you could have stood next to at the Music Machine bar and not even noticed him. Oh well everyone to their 15 minutes. I can think of a lot worse stars.

At John Curd's FUTURE DAZE at Leeds, Theatre cleaned up again. They did'nt rest there though. There's no rest for the wicked or the aspiring R'n'R star. Before Xmas they went out on an apparently eventful but short tour and zapped over to Holland and Germany a couple of times.

'82 started even better for them, after the problem of finding a new drummer had been solved. Into the studio with Mick Jones. Experimenting with Ennio Morricione western guitar riffs incorporating rockabilly. An impassioned plea to the world leaders as spaghetti western heroes. Ripping off the android cowboy movie 'West-World' and Theatre surprised us all by getting on TOTP's or was it 'cos Peter Powell fancied Stan. Then they dropped straight out of the charts, which in the longterm was probably just as well. They had already become too big before their time, in my oppinion. But 'Do you believe in the Westworld' remained as a ray of hope in the tortuous mediocrity of the MOR charts of '82 and the best thing to be seen on TOTP's since the Pistols.

LP

Then came the debut album proper 'West World' and tour to promote it. Extensive press coverage. Paul Morley reviews first gig at Gravesend with subjective appraisal of the Brandon lugholes. I know what 'ee means. We'll 'ave to get that geezer writing for Vague (teehee) If I was a popster I'd woo 'em all with me nose. Ole big ears does it his way and XTC do it with their token prick ...Andy Parsnip.

The album got the usual crit. acclaim. It does'nt capture TOH live at all. Apparently it's the 4th take and mellowed down some what from the original. I like it nonetheless, there's some interesting bits on it. Listening to it at time of writing however, really it's just a 2nd Division cheapo 'Sandinista'. Still I 'spose it's the best 'debut' album for a while.

Right, that's enuff about 'ole bigears. Howse about a bit

THE WESTWORLD

of Nose fun with yours truleee. Well, as you already know, I did'nt go on much of the 'West World' tour. I like TOH a lot, they're about the best thing the kids have got at the moment, but I dont like 'em enough to follow them to the ends of the earth. (but I did go to Stroud, which is the end of the earth.) I've learnt not to have any heroes after Adam and I'm afraid that's what El Brandon is to many a Mac Curtis topped teenager, besides there was a lot more to the Ants than adulation. If you dont believe that, read 'Never trust a man' or go on the next TOH tour.

'WEST WORLD' TOUR

In a lot of ways THEATRE strive to be original, constructive, fun and a lot of other good things but they do require a certain amount of hero-worship to satisfy certain egos, which they could do without. Right, I'll cut the crapping and get on with the tour.

Bristol Locarno, Monday March 8th.

I make the epic journey to Bristol solo, with a slightly right wing lorry driver. "What did you think of all the trouble in St. Pauls?" "That's all those fucking niggers!" Hang around Revolver and various naffs 'till the Hatchet opens then sit alone over a solitary pint, overhearing tales of Theatre on the last tour and skinhead trouble at Weston. 'Aye, I remember when I were lad, on first Ants tour, we'd get killed every night by 2,000 skinheads then afterwards Hells Angels would trample over our graves,...if we were lucky.'

Hassle my way into the wondrous Locarno. Lig around for awhile. Old acquaitance, Julie is going out with Woodie from the Meteors (Support on most of the tour). No sign of Iggy on this tour. I think he's suuing (?) Terry Razor (Manager) for £200.

Meteors hit the stage. Not very impressed. If this is the next big thing in London. London has definitely lost it. I was expecting something like the Cramps and what we got was a cross between the Lurkers and the Stray Cats. So this is what happened to Johnny Moped. They looked as if they should be hanging around some provincial bus station. London rockabillies go ape crazy. I really dont see what all the fuss is about but I dont like rockabilly and I 'spose they're good at what they do. (Naff comment)

Suss out lift home off Julien from Music Market and ponse drink off Roger (Promoter) "Wow, really amazing...eemmm." Also in the liggers bar we can find various Wice Squads. I can remember when we used to take the piss out of them pogoing at the front. Now you can take the piss out of them pogoing at the bar. Cartoon characters. Nothing changes.

Theatre hit the stage to the 'Thunderbirds' theme (I think) and ecstatic applause. From the balcony their stomping young rebel stance is almost convincing. They really are what the Clash should/would be if they were young again. Mick Jones must be remembering his younger days before his first acid trip. Their set is tight and well worked out. Most of the stuff off the album along with 'Nero','Original Sin' and 'Rebel'.

Tonight is the best I've seen them. Proof that a band can become technically adept without mellowing. As usual the crowd's reaction leaves something to be desired. TOH are making an effort but the punters continue to live out the tired old R'n'R dream/nightmare. Kirk woos them all, Rockabillies and Exploited punks alike, but nothing changes. Driving past the Colston afterwards we see Dixie of Ants fame lead some Theatre followers in search of somewhere to stay. Is this really all there is?

Lyceum, Sunday March 14th.

I'm afraid Theatre did'nt catch my imagination enough to go through all that again. But at the weekend I was up in London staying with Classix Malcolm and trying to avoid B-movie gigs. I eventually persuade him to go round the Lyceum. Meet rapidly increasing Kilburn lot and Johna from Bradford in the Wellington. UK Decay are most impressive tonight definate shades of Adam in his hey day. Virgin Prunes are a bit above me tonight. Like the Fall were in Bristol. You know if you slag them they'll turn round and say they're far ahead of their time. They dont entertain me much and I doubt if either will change my life. Meteors are uneventful tonight.

The place is packed out, many did'nt get in, but there's not a very good atmosphere. Although the crowd look mainly provincial. Theatre praise London. I know this is nothing new but that sort of attitude is just as provincial as a Somerset farmers. Did'nt enjoy this one very much. They come across more than ever as a good bandto see at say Bristol Locarno, but compared with Clash, Ants, etc, they're a second division band. They have'nt quite got 'it'.

Lyceum, Monday March 15th.

Unfortunately miss most of UK Decay 'cos I have to pick up handbills for Dinky Dean at Billys. Virgin Prunes seem much better tonight. I nearly understand them. I'll have to see them a few more times I think. Anyway Rough Trade wanted me to interview them for Zig-Zag. I eventually get backstage but there's no power point (in the most famoos venue in the world) and I'm not about to ask John Curd, so we arrange to do it the next day. Have an interesting chin wag instead.(Incidentally I overslept so I had to do it by post but dont tell ZZ)

On my return to the outside world the Meteors are on stage. You can tell by the token screams. I actually enjoy them tonight. They at least put life into a well worn sound and they're fun! Nobodies got devine inspiration. So what's wrong with sticking to what you're good at. Quite a lot. Shame their fans are only into it because it's hip. Remember when everybody hated Teds and Rockabillys funny is'nt it.

Kirk;"What about you in the balcony, Eh? Come on down, the mob want you down here." Nasty glares. Eater were never like this. I'm afraid Theatre get a bit monotonous tonight. There's not such a good turnout tonight and my heavy schedule is catching up on me. So i quickly distribute the last of the handbills (Another must for any young vagrant is to have handbilled the Lyceum) and make my way round to Billys but get lost and go to the Roxy instead (or am I getting more nostalgic than I thought) A hard night's ligging down Billys with various Exploited's ('Ere I thought they was 'sposed to be street punks) and Damned girlfriends (One of which has this ace group called A Short Commercial break which does all advert themes. Best band of the night. Dinky Dean is someone to watch out for as well, under another name I hope.

Portsmouth Locarno, Tuesday March 16th.

Too knackered. Go back to Vague mansions let the bands come to you.

Stroud Leisure centre, Saturday March 20th.

This was a big mistake. On the last Classix tour, Stroud was great but things start to go definately un-right, when Mad and me get dropped 4 miles out of town. On eventual arrival in Stroud, get chucked out of 3 pubs, hassled by skins and other relics from the past. Only just manage to get on guest list. Not many there and those that are, are safety pin-bedecked (Believe it or not) punkies. The passing of time has'nt affected Stroud.

Meet Clive and Lee from Bath, but they've hitched as well, Klinger's car has broke down. There is definately a bad atmosphere, wank punks from Gloucester and Swindon, sound like really wunderful places, they've just discovered the joys of ponsing 10p's but have'nt quite got it right yet. "Have you got a spare 10p, please.... er..mate!" For some strange reason I feel vulnerable. Have 'nt felt so paranoid in ages. There is'nt many down from London and the natives are beyond taming. Too worried to take too much notice of supports, no Meteors but Deaf Beat and Lines instead, not very impressive.

TOH are good I 'spose but the place is nearly empty and atmoshere BAD. They've played better gigs. Try to hitch back and miss ruck between London Theatre fans and local Theatre fans. Apparently there's a whole cultural battle going on between Meteors lot, London Theatre, out of town Theatre, etc, etc, you just did'nt have those factions with the Ants or Punk at first, you had to stick together, 'cos everyone else hated you but you did'nt care you knew you were right. I still know that....I think. Anyway just about giving up hope of getting a lift when we hitch a lift and B+B off some hippy types, then make our way back to Bath in the morning.

Reading Top Rank, Sunday 21st March.

Cancelled. Dont care anyway. Nice photos anyway. Lots of luv to Iggy.....TOM.

now we've been relegated to the 2nd Division.

Bath Pav, Monday April 5th.

Klinger's car still broke down but I'd lost interest anyway. I'm not interested anymore,

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'ERE 'ERE ... WHATS ALL THIS THEN ?

PHOTOS BY **STEVE STUDD**

adam and THE Ants

The first time I saw ADAMANT he had just had FUCK carved into his back by Jordan, with a razorblade, and World's End was stained with his blood.

JAWS' Following the enormous sucess of her management debut with the ANTS combo, as the new wave entrepreneur, Jordan has been offered a senior government appointment as chief commisioner of the police metropolitan area.'

«NEVER TRUST A MAN»

« I SEE THE CHICKENS HAVE COME HOME TO ROAST - »

Yes, this issue's nostalgia spot is a look back to the Ants' glory years. Well, if Tony D. can do it so can we. Perhaps we should all let sleeping dogs lie, but with recent events I think we should dig out those old memories just one more time. Since the last time we mentioned Adam; 'Deutscher Girls' and 'Plastic Surgery' have been sacriligiously unvieled infront of the TOTPS audience. 'ZOO' dancing to 'Deutscher Girls'. Is nothing sacred?! 'Jubilee' doing the rounds again; little girls bursting into tears when the SPG man puts a broken bottle into his face. But why did'nt the Kid listen to the incestuous brother, when he told him to forget pop music and go onto the streets... the final irony. Or is that 'Red-Scab' being on the B-side of the hilarious 'Goodie Two shoes'. Another of Adam's egotrips, put into practise yet again, when Adam sacked the whole band (again) except for Marco. A mate of mine auditioned as a drummer but fortunately for him he did'nt get the job.

Anyway Pete Scott felt he wanted to put pen to paper for possibly the last time on Antmusic. I thought this would make a good intro to the first part of my still unpublished memoirs of an Antperson. It's become a bit of an obsession with me to get it published. But apart from one publisher who wanted me to pay all the expences and they get all the profit, most of them did'nt even want to see the manuscript. Just were'nt interested unless there was 'Sunday Mirra' stuff about groupies and drug abuse.(Stand up Tony Fletcher!) So unless any of you out there have a spare coupla grand you want to get rid of, I'll probably do it along the lines of Stephenson's Pistols file. I'll make it the next project before Adam is completely forgotten and I get even more in debt...Muchos Regardos...

When I saw Adam and the Antz during the Zerox tour, I felt as if I'd walked straight into one of those weird paintings where watch faces hang limply over tree limbs. The Antz were like nothing I'd ever experienced before - four figments of make-believe carefully superimposed on a real setting. Both musically and visually, they were quite unique. Their songs were'nt just your ordinary, run of the mill 'rock 'n'roll' claptrap - by turns they were gross, violent and beautiful. Maybe best of all, they were also very funny, and a good reminder of not to take things too seriously.

If you're a regular 'Vague' reader, then you dont need me to tell you how good the Antz were back then. Quite simply, they were the best. Nevertheless they had their faults. In the last issue of 'Vague', Tom pointed out that "their idealogy was always a bit dodgy," and in retrospect I'm inclined to agree. But is'nt it funny how neither of us thought to mention it at the time?

As you may have guessed by now, this is yet another bitter, disillusioned article on Adam's rise to fame and fortune, written by yet another bitter, disillusioned former fan. I dont want to waste a lot of time and energy explaining why Adam's vintage (Pre-'Dirk') material was superior to his current output. For one thing Mick's already done a pretty good job of it in ZIG-ZAG, and for another, the difference between the two styles should be pretty self-evident anyway.But with 'Deutscher Girls' currently riding high in the charts, and DO-IT's new 'Antmusic' EP looking all set to follow it, this seems like a good time to look back over Adam's career and discuss certain aspects of it. This article may well represent my last word on the subject of Adam and the Antz - so pay attention.

In the early days, the Antz career was marked by instability; line-up changes were frequent. Things were made worse by the fact that Adam had a tendency to base his songs around controversial subject matter. Thus the Antz' repertoire included titles like 'Bathroom function','Beat my Guest' Il Duce' and 'Whip in my valise'. As a result of all this, the press soon came to hate the band, and Adam himself was subjected to some pretty nasty critical abuse.

A couple of years ago, when I was more interested in the idea of writing for the straight rock press than I am now, I decided to give Adam a chance to answer his critics. With this in mind I sent a sample article to 'Record Mirra'. I still have a copy in one of my scrapbooks. In it, Adam defends his use of taboo subject matter by likening himself to Mel Brooks, the director responsible for such films as 'The Producers' (With it's controversial 'Springtime for Hitler' sequence) and 'Blazing Saddles'.

"Brooks seems to have taken the ultimate taboo subject, blown it up and reduced it to shreds by ridiculing it, thus showing a possible funny side and revealing our neuroses about it."

At the time, the comparison with Brooks seemed reasonable,

and I went along with it, remarking only that "Brooks' work like Adam's, has undoubtedly offended a lot of people." Nowadays, when I look back over the lyrix to songs like 'Juanito the Bandito','Cleopatra' and 'The Day I met God', I find it hard to understand what I ever saw in them. They seem cheap and nasty somehow, almost like the kind of thing a naughty schoolboy might write to amuse his friends during a rainy dinner hour.

Then there was such things as Adam's admiring references to Nazi concentration camp officer Ilse Koch, his Cambridge Rapist mask/hood and the constant use of sexist imagery in the Ants graphix, all of which seems stupid and irresponsible with the advantage of hindsight. (I have a marvelous mental image of Adam circa '77, learning of Steve Strange's plans to launch the 'Moors Murderers' and kicking himself;"Fuck me! Why did'nt I think of that?")

I dunno...this probably seems like sour grapes on my part..... And I must admit that I feel a kind of mild resentment towards Adam these days. After all, I used to be one of his staunchest fans. I admired him tremendously. What's more, I laid my own credibility on the line by defending him in 'Sounds', 'Record Mirra' and 'Zig-Zag' at a time when it was much more fashionable to slag him off. It's only natural that I should feel, sick, sold out and betrayed whenever I hear 'Prince Charming' or 'Antrap' coming out of some pub joke box.

I dont want to convey the impression that I now hate all the old stuff. Despite a few reservations, I still love most of it. I love songs like 'Nietzsche baby', 'Ligotage','H ampstead'(the original 'Oi' song),'Redscab' and 'Boil in the bag man'. I love them, and I wish Adam would honour all the promises he's made to release them. Apart from the product available on DO-IT, us old-timers have nothing to remind us of how good the Antz were in their heyday. The 'Deutscher Girls'/ 'Plastic Surgery' lacks impact- the production on both trax is terrible. Besides which,'Surgery' was never a particularly good song to begin with. (Disagree with ya there Pete, Ed.) So all we're left with is 'Dirk wears White Sox' and 'Antmusic'.

'Dirk' is an intriguing album- punk rock's book of grotesques. It explores the dark side of modern pop music with humour and perception. A few of the trax, most notably 'Digital tenderness' and 'The Idea', fall pretty flat, and even the good ones are spoilt by an inexcusably weak production job. But on the whole, 'Dirk' remains an offbeat, imaginative LP with much to recommend it.

Adam is probably gnashing his teeth with rage over the release of the new 'Antmusic' EP, but the fact remains that it's a damned sight better than the whole of the 'Prince Charming' LP put together. The version of 'Cartrouble' is superior to the one on 'Dirk'- louder, heavier and more exciting. It moves along at a cracking pace. My only complaint is that DO-IT have split it into two parts and put one on either side, thus effectively ruining the flow of the song. Still, it's a lively, spirited track, and I particularly like the way Dave Barbe's drumming comes across. The version of 'Physical' is less sluggish and ponderous than Marco's arrangement. It sounds positively streamlined in comparison. It's also a good illustration of what the phrase "Antmusic for Sex-people" used to mean. 'Kick' is a real blast from the past - a scathing outburst of undiluted NOISE. "The Pure sound." Screaming guitars, pounding drums - the works. The lyrix are sketchy and probably quite meaningless, but the whole thing is great fun. (The 'tribal' version of 'Kick' on the B-side of the original 'Cartrouble' is also pretty good, making it the only one of the old songs to have benefitted from the Pirroni treatment.) Finally there's 'Friends'. I once referred to Adam as "the ultimate name-dropper" and this song shows why. Over a simple guitar/bass/drums backing track, Adam recites the names of everyone from Jim Morrison to Billy Karloff. "I'm a friend of Egon Schiele/I'm a friend of Mr. Spock/I'm a friend of Dr. Kildare/ I'm a friend of the wooden tops..." Silly stuff, but very enjoyable. I'm only sorry that the name of Eric Fromm has been omitted; it was one of Adam's neatest cross-references. (Fromm was a psychologist who believed that a fundamental change in human nature is necessary if the human race is to survive.)

DO-IT's 'Zerox' was the first great Antsingle, and 'Antmusic' looks like being the last. The two records stand as brackets in time, like bookends. The quality of Adam's music has degenerated horribly over the past couple of years, and I see no point in pretending that it's ever going to pick up again. Nowadays I regard Adam as a joke. A bad joke. And like all bad jokes, he gets worse every time I hear him. I've read a few of his more recent interviews, but they dont convey anything to me. They're the words of a stranger. Someone I dont know. Someone I never knew. The old ideals have fallen by the wayside; the old ideals have been discarded. The chickens have well and truly come home to roost.....

Pete Scott.

INTRODUCTION TO ANTMUZIC.....
CHAPTER 1 «YOU'RE JUST A B-SIDE BABY»

When the Pistols finally split up in San Francisco, the rot had already set in. The brave new sons and daughters of the New Wave were being eroded and manipulated into inoffensive safe pop bands. Without the guidance of the founding fathers, they soon started to go astray. The Damned split as well. The Clash went to America and became the new Stones. The Jam became even more like the Beatles. The rest just imitated one or the other or faded back into obscurity.

True, there was a lot of fresh new talent about, but none seemed to shock and inspire enough to be as convincing as the Pistols. Was Johnny Rotten to be proved right? Were the Sex Pistols the only honest Rock'n'Roll band ever? Or would one of the new bands have that certain something?

This story is'nt about the bands though. It's about the fans, the kids like you and me, and all that. In those hard times the kids were in a dilema for what to do. As it became increasingly hip to stick to one band, some still followed the old faves, who were rapidly becoming the new BOF's, whilst others just latched onto whichever band happened to be hip to like according to NME.

To me only one band stood out from the crowd at this time. Only one band came near to achieving what the Pistols had set out to do whilst everyone else seemed to take it all the wrong way. That band was ADAM AND THE ANTS. They created a gut reaction. They made people feel uneasy and uncomfortable. The press hated them. So did the old guard punks. So did just about everybody. Except that is for their small but loyal following. It rapidly became the strongest underground cult following in the country. At first it was restricted to London, simply because that was the only place the Ants could play. But as they started to gig further afield, people from all the corners of the UK started to follow them. They had little in common except their love for Antmusic.

"He who writes in blood, does not want to be read. He wants to be learned by heart."(Neitzsche)

CHAPTER 2 « ADAM + THE ANTS · 1975-78 »

The nucleus of the Ants was obviously Adam or Stuart Goddard as he was then known. Young Adam was a graphics student at the infamous Hornsey art college. In his spare time he played bass for country and western group, Bazooka Joe. Now this unfotunate bunch of dudes happened to be the first band that the Sex Pistols chose to support, at St.Martin's art school in November'75. Unfortunate for Bazooka Joe but not so for Stuart Goddard. As they all say, it changed his life a quick alter-ego and he became Adam Ant, sex pistol ligger and Punk Rocker!

When Adam made the decision to forsake graphic design for Rock'n'Roll, he remained more influenced by Allen Jones than Jimi Hendrix. He later expressed this in his music by means of taboo imagery like S+M bondage, bent bandits and dead presidents. Around this time most of his Art school contemporaries were forming bands and planning for stardom. Adam was no exception.

The first punky type band he got involved with was the B-Sides, which included at various times, Bid, Lester Square, Andy Warren, Max, David Tampin, Paul Flanagan, Bob Hip and a host of other celebreties. Frustration at not actually being able to land gigs led to frequent departures. This eventually just left Adam, Lester Square, Andy and Paul. They adopted the 'ADAM AND THE ANTS' moniker in April'77, as the Banshees played the last gig at the Roxy. Apparently the idea for the name came from an early UK Sub.

What followed was a series of appearances at partys and suchlike Their first gig was such was at the ICA Restaurant. Two days before Lester Square quit, barely giving replacement guitarist, the Kid, time to learn the chords. He need not have bothered, they were ejected after doing one song 'Beat my Guest' because of Adam's 'Cambridge rapist' mask. But they were allowed to continue in the interval of the John Dowie show in the ICA theatre.

Their next few gigs succeeded only in dispersing audiences, except for a few old Pistols acolytes, such as Jordan who became the Ants manager and occassional singer. In June they supported the Desolation Angels at Hornsey. Their drummer, Dave Barbe joined the Ants, again at short notice for their first bonafide gig supporting the Slits at Cheltenham.

The Ants had more guitarists than hot dinners. When they first went into the studio, to do 'Deutscher Girls' and 'Plastic Surgery' for the 'Jubilee' soundtrack, Johnny Bivouac, another ex. Desolation Angel replaced the Kid. The line-up then of Adam, Jordan, Andy, Dave and Johnny was their most stable so far.

Towards the end of '77, they supported the Banshees and the Slits at the opening of the Vortex. Then came a series of support slots with such notables as the New Hearts, Models, TRB, Banshees again, Vibrators, Gen-X, Black Slate and the Buzzcocks, before their first Marquee residency in November. Witnesses of these gigs, say they were nothing special. But with their last gig of the year, with the Banshees and Levi and the Rockats something clicked. This gig was widely accepted as the one when the Ants arrived. People started to notice that they were something special and the same faces started to appear at each gig.

At the beginning of '78 they continued to establish themselves as the hottest property in London With the release of 'Jubilee' and various trips out to the province the word started to get around. In June Matthew Ant replaced Johnny Bivouac. Jordan soon went off and left the Rock business altogether to follow a career in megalovision. By July they were signed up by Decca.

THE EXTRACT BELOW, IS TAKEN FROM CHANNEL 4 FANZINE.

CHAPTER 3 « SANCTUARY IN SALISBURY »

Bristol Barton Hill Y.C,
Saturday March 4th'78.

One of their first trips to the provinces was to the wilds of Bristol Barton hill and it's infamous youth club, which made the Music machine on a good night look like a play school. We had heard of the Ants then and were going for something to do but had cartouble as usual. It was just as well, the Ants got canned off as Jordan tried to sing 'Lou', her own song dedicated to Lou Reed.

Corsham Art college, Friday
March 10th'78.

Unbeknown to us, to make up for this, the next week they played Corsham Art college. Corsham is a little town near Bath, that's not famous for anything except Paul and Mike who live there. I could'nt believe it when they told me the Ants had played there. Incidentally this was one of the last gigs that Jordan actually took part in musically (or is that the wrong word.)

Salisbury Tech. College, Friday
September 22nd'78.

Hardly anyone was at Corsham. Hardly anyone that is except for Tim Aylett, local 'entrepreneur', Glaxo Babies manager, Pop Group ligger and Editor of VAGUE forerunner Channel 4 fanzine. He realised they were something special, saw them again in London, then got them a gig at Salisbury Tech. It was the week after I started back at college there. The gig was like a start of term bop, and to most of the students ADAM AND THE ANTS were just a punky novelty. I was expecting something out of the ordinairy and that's certainly what we got.

I had just passed my test, so I drove to the gig with some mates. Taz was off being a young parisian much to her annoyance. Seeing as I was driving, I only had one drink like a good citizen, then went into the hall to watch the support bands, the Screens and Glaxo Babies. Salisbury has'nt seen anything like it. I'm used to having exams in the hall, but here we are ready to witness ADAM AND THE ANTS; students dressed up punky for the night, everybody from Southampton and Bournemouth, I can remember there being a large contingent from London, who were boasting of seeing the Ants 40 times (?) Most of them looked really young and they had their own image, they did'nt look like stereotype punks at all. Oh yes and there was rather a lot of bikers.

At first nobody seemed to know what was going on. But later I pieced together roughly what happened. Our local, the Star, was filled with Punks, when a couple of bikers came in and started taking the piss. The Punks (mainly Duncan) gave them a bit of a kicking. Now, it just so happened there was a United bikers rally on in town. So after the usual business of a few phonecalls, the bikers slowly but surely started to infiltrate the gig.

When there was sufficient numbers amassed, they started picking punks at random, inviting them out into the foyer, then kicking shit out of them. When ex. biker Martin heard about this in the SU office, he calmed everybody down and went down to reasonably discuss things with them. He approached some bikers and they beat him up. He was only saved by Robbo, who dragged him by his hair back into the hall.

Then a biker girl got stabbed in the bogs and all hell broke loke loose. In the main hall things were still relatively calm and I was oblivious to all the trouble, although there was certainly an uneasy atmosphere. The word soon got around. The weekend swingers (Salisbury was the only place they ever played this) realised it was'nt such amazing fun after all, and started frantically flattening their hair and wiping of their make-up. They really did.

I missed out on all this fun however, because I was more interested in what was going on on stage There was this bloke up there leep-

ing around like Iggy Pop on even more speed and creating more of a disturbance the a whole chapter of Hells Angels. The converted were apprehensively paying homage. Most everybody else had either gone home or were outside getting beaten up.

I think hearing 'Plastic Surgery' under such circumstances, for the first time live, was one of the most disturbing moments of my life. My mind went blank to all the external turmoil as I was completely engulfed in something frighteningly real, whilst all around was decidedly unreal. As often happens, under great pressure, the band was strikingly tight and intense. It was almost sexual. Everybody who stayed was bonded together for that hour or so.

The Ants did a defiantly long set. Anybody who had decided to stay could not leave till the end. (It was just as well we did'nt, the early departees were getting picked off one by one outside) At the end Adam said "I hope you all realise somebodies been stabbed tonight and we've played too long so we dont get paid." I still only just got out in one piece. This bouncer stopped me from walking right into the middle of a gang of chain wielding hairies. We eventually sneaked off into the night.

I was one of the lucky ones. since then everyone I've met who was at the gig got battered to various degrees, except Boxhead who talked his way out of it. Tim got kicked unconscious for his troubles, Paul from Corsham got beaten up 3 times, a girl was nearly strangled before the bikers realised that she was infact in a girl and countless other cases.

Marquee, Tuesday November 28th'78.

Rainbow, "ednesday December 20th'78.

Needless to say the Ants did'nt play around our way for some time. I had been hooked though. Anything that creates that sort of reaction has got to be worth following. I was going to hitch up to see them during their next Marquee residency, but Martin did'nt turn up so I decided against it. Then there was Jock MacDonald's Rainbow fiasco. This was the famous night that Adam led everyone to the Music Machine to see if they could play there instead. They could'nt but it's the thought that counts. The Ants finished '78 with a brief tour of Europe, so we were'nt to see them again untill the new year.

CHAPTER 4 « YOUNG PARISIANS »

"ARE SO FRENCH · THEY LOVE PATTING CEMENT"

Ever since Nick Kent once said in NME that he did'nt like the Ants too much, the press and other critics had this image of the Ants as hard core speed freak punks who sung about Nazis and S+M fetishists. So the Ants released 'Young Parisians' which sounded more like Manhattan Transfer.

Electric Ballroom, Sunday 21st January'79.

With the start of '79 they set out on their first comprehensive British tour to promote the single, hence it was dubbed the 'Young Parisians' tour, for obvious reasons. The first one I got to was their Electric Ballroom bash with the Lurkers. There was some doubt about whether the Ants would play because they were supporting. They had pulled out of a gig at Reading when they had discovered they were to be supporting the Skids. But quite rightly the Lurkers stood down and the Ants took over as headliners for what some say was their best gig ever.

Around this time the Ants would come on to 'Ants in your pants' then 'The March of the Ants' This made for a sinister and electric atmosphere. They usually started with the beautiful 'Neitzsche baby', but it would always be a different set every night. On this tour it was to showcase the new material that was eventually to go on the 'Dirk wears white sox' album. The Ants already had a vast amount of material. Adam claimed he already had enough songs for 3 albums. If anything Adam was an over prolific writer, because many excellent songs had already been dropped.

Old antmusic retained was stuff like 'Red Scab','Peurto Rican','B-Side baby','Fall-in', and 'Beat my Guest'. The newer material included 'Day I met God', 'Animals and men','Family of Noise' and of course the excellent 'Zerox' widely rumoured to be the next single.

Newport Stowaways, Wednesday 31st January'79.

The second gig we got to was at Newport Stowawaways. There was quite a few of us there but we soon got bored, the Ants always came on as late as possible but tonight it seemed like they were never going to appear. As far as I'm concerned they did'nt, because tonight was to be my first serious kicking at an Ants gig or any gig for that matter.

We're standing on the dance floor patiently waiting for the Ants, when we noticed that the kids who were dancing, kept rushing up the front and attacking these little kids who were trying to hide there. Like true heroes (aka. Fucking Idiots!) we stuck up for them and consequently got mixed up in a Cardiff/Newport feud!

I can remember Tim getting a good kicking on the floor. I grabbed this pre-skinhead bloke and explained to him that Tim was alright really. He seemed to understand, so I let him go, then he headbutted me, and his mates proceeded to headbutt me out of the hall. Simultaneously Martin and Tim are getting similar treatment, while Taz is trying to get Chris out from under a table. Akhbar and Rodent are hiding somewhere.

Outside I explain my problems to a bouncer, who understandingly says (in welsh accent) "I'll teach you to start trouble" and proceeds to batter me up against a wall. Then he throws me out along with what I presume was the Cardiff lot, who started the trouble, needless to say, they beat me up again. Then I seem to remember hiding under some steps, when Martin opens the fire exit and calls me. I'm just about through the door when my friend the bouncer appears again and proceeds to throw both of us down the steps. Things start to get really stupid when we think we hear a shot. Then the old bill arrive. Martin and I explain about the bouncers beating everybody up. They say they'll do something about it, then come back after half an hour and beat us up as well.

We give up trying to get in and make our way round to the front of the club. Down a bit from the Stowawys is this group of kids. As we walk passed them one of them cracks me one in the eye. By this time, the novelty of getting beaten up is definately wearing a bit thin. So I turn on them and shout;

"Look, I'm not fucking welsh! I'm not from fucking Cardiff or Newport, I'm from fucking Bournemouth!"

"Ohh, sorry boyo, I did'nt realise."

"GERREAT!"

One of them still wants to give me a battering. I should imagine they've made very good skinheads by now. Meanwhile the bouncers are still going berserk and wont even let Julie (the Ants manager now)'s boyfriend in. All I can remember of the gig was hearing 'March of the Ants' when the coppers were beating me up and 'Family of Noise' when the geezer hit me in the eye.

Martin and I start to talk to our former assailants, who explain they had only come for a scrap and did'nt particularly like the Ants, especially not that 'Young Parisians' single, boyo!" Then just to make the evening complete Akhbar gets arrested for swearing, or more like, they dont get many resistance in Newport and the local coppers wanted to see what all this Akki bashing was about. It was my birthday as well.

This was a particularly bad time for us, hassle in Salisbury from bikers, banned from everywhere in Bournemouth, then this. The most paranoid I've ever been, so I did'nt venture out to anymore on this tour. Everytime I thought about it, visions of mad welsh bouncers came into my mind. I think Martin and Tim braved a few others.

YOUNG PARISIANS AGAINST THE ANTS

ceum, Sunday 22nd April'79.

rling the tour the Ants quit
ccra. I cant remember why now.
t they still managed to put on
show at the Lyceum at the end of

CHAPTER 5 « ZEROX »

"LOCK UP YOUR BRAIN · 'COS I'M HERE AGAIN...."

remember this time well. It was
e summer of '79 and every week
the music papers, the ad for
Zerøx' would get bigger and
Siger. Until July when all was
cvealed. The Ants were now on
mall independant label, DO-IT
ecords and were to bring out
Zerøx' b/w 'Whip in my valise'
s the next single. Before that
hough they were to go out on the
xtensive Zerøx tour.

Newport Stowaways, Wednesday
18th July'79.

The first gig anywhere near us
was at, yes you guessed it,
Newport Stowaways. For some
reason we went, god knows why.
I had sworn that I'd never go
back there again, but sometimes
you do things like that. I was
telling Chris in the mini, that
if anything should happen to me,
get me back over the Severn
bridge before I die.

On arrival it's very quiet,
tooo quiet, we're not sure if the
gigs on or not. I'm quite prep-
arred to go straight back home
but this antfan (Tarrack) tells
us it's still on as far as he
knows. The doors eventually
open but we're still the first
im. We discover that support
Protex had pulled out of the
whole tour, so there would be no
support at all and another long
wait. We sit in the least conspic-
ucous place and just grin and bear
it. Incidentally I'm absolutely
shitting myself, just being in
that place again.

Then suddenly this fucking
enormous great bloke with about
100 others, all dressed in black,
leather and studded belts come in
and head for our table. I think
to myself if he asks me for 10p
I'll have to give him one (Some-
thing I'd never normally do) The
big bloke comes up to our table
and sits down.

"Hello, have'nt I seen you at
Ants gigs before?"

"Yeah, I expect so. You were
at Salisbury were'nt you?"

"Yeah! Salisbury. The bikers!"

"Yeah, that's where we come
from."

I remember a lot of them from
Salisbury and it soon transpires
that the big bloke knew Russ, Taz
boyfriend. The big bloke was none
other than Big Peter Vague. Also
there was Duncan, Howard, Mark
from Newcastle, Fergus and others,
who we were to go through a lot
with. These soldier ants were
going round the bar getting to
know everybody. Later we discover-
ed that you dont do this just to
be friendly but sometimes it's
the only way to find somewhere
to stay the night. However the
London lot create a slightly
better atmosphere than last time.

Unlike the narrowminded Bournemouth crowd, who dont talk to anyone in case they showed what pratts they were, this lot knew how to have a good time but did'nt pose and had a lot better taste than they're seaside contemporaries who were still into the Clash and Sham.

It's lucky that we met some body to talk to, because it seemed like hours before the new Gary Glitter and 'Missa Luba' intro was played. On the Zerøx tour the Ants dropped most of their old stuff and were just playing material, that would eventually become the 'Dirk wears white søx' album, material like 'Cartrouble'?'Friends', 'Never trust a man','Ligotage', 'Catholic Day','Cleopatra', 'Table Talk' and so on.

Thankfully this gig passed without further incident and we crossed back over the Severn Bridge that night in one piece.

Exeter Routes, Tuesday 31st July'79.

We missed the gig at Swansea Circles but picked the tour up again at Exeter Routes, the next night. In those days not many people were interested in going to see the Ants, so it was only Taz and me that pulled up outside Exeter Routes in my old mini, which used to be our transport to gigs and the reason why we did'nt get to many.

Pete and a few others are waiting outside. We park the min and then join them. I ask Pete how the gig went at Swansea and where the rest had got to. He said there had been a bit of trouble, the rest had gone up town for something to eat. After a shortwhile Boxhead appears with half his face hanging off. Followed by Mark with a broken arm and various other casualty victims. Apparently the Circles boungers had just started attacking everybody Ian from DO-IT wrote a letter to SOUNDS (He was always writing letters to Sounds) complaining about the incident. The reply from Circles was that Boxhead had cut his own face to cause trouble. Then presumably Mark had broke his arm.

Pete gets us on the Ants guest list for the first time then with money resources running low, we set about trying to get pissed. This is when I witness the best bit of ponsing I've ever seen in my life. Boxhead waits outside and tells everyone that he came all the way from Liverpool for the gig and then got mugged. He made a fortune.

There's hardly anyone at this gig and the support band is just some local punky outfit, but it's a good gig nonetheless. I always remember the look of surprise on the local's faces when we started to dance to 'Hello,Hello I'm back again' They were even more surprised when we started to dance to the Ants. One kid who could'nt understand why we were seemingly beating each other up, mushed Steve from Chester. Mark even with his broken arm flew at him. I was shitting myself thinking some trouble would start, but not as much as the kid from Exeter, who promptly disappeared. That's how it was then. Everybody stuck together. The loyalty to each other was great. People you had never met before from hundreds of miles away, all with one common cause ADAM AND THE ANTS. It was great to feel a part of something like that.

The Exeter gig got really crazy, everyone jumping off flight cases onto each other. In that reapect it was one of the best gigs of the tour.

Plymouth Woods, Wednesday 1st August'79.

The next gig was at Plymouth Woods, a famous watering hole on the Anarchy tour. The only person who got injured at this gig was Adam himself,he split his head open and gave himself six stitches. Adam was the worst of the lot. He used to use up more violent energy than the rest of us put together. This night Steve from Chester found a different use for flight cases when he got smuggled into the gig in one because he was under age. This was after he had an hilarious argument with a Jehovah's witness outside.

Nottingham Sandpiper, Saturday 4th August'79.

The next gig we were going to was at Nottingham. Pete had been pleading to everybody he met, to go to this one. On the Parisians tour the bloke who put Pete up had been beaten senseless by the local teds and this time Pete wanted to be ready for them. But much to Pete's annoyance it was cancelled.

Lyceum, Sunday 5th August'79.

The next and last gig of the tour saw their triumphant return to London and the Lyceum with the unusual combination of the Monochrome Set (Adam's old pals, Bid and Lester Square's new band) and the Angelic Upstarts. The sold out

Lyceum is really weird after places like Exeter Routes. The Monochrome Set are a bit of a non-event tonight. The Angelic Upstarts are just a joke, the only reaction they get are from a handful of Sieghieling skins, terrifying, absolutely terrifying. Then it's time for the Ants and possibly the best gig I've ever seen them do, virtually perfect. I felt the time was right for Adam, they should really have started to get the credit they deserved.

Electric Ballroom, Sunday 29th September'79.

What should have done this, was their long awaited debut album 'Dirk wears white søx', which they now went into the studio to record. Their only gigs during this time were two nights at the Electric Ballroom in September. I reviewed the second night in an earlier VAGUE. The fanzines were still the only place where the Ants got any reasonable coverage, 'the Press Darlings'. I sent Adam all the early Vagues and he always sent back encouraging replies.

'Dirk wears white søx'LP.

After this things were very quiet until the actual release of 'DIRK' just before Christmas. Taz and me went to London to get our copies and could'nt wait to get to a record player on our return. After all the waiting it was as expected not a patch on the Ants live. But it was catalogue. Antmusic on vinyl at last.

'DIRK' got taken to the cleaners in the music press, but that went without saying. Most of the fans were disappointed though, but after the long wait, this was expected as well. Then after the flop of 'DIRK' things continued to go wrong. Andy Warren quit to join his old mates Bid and Lester in the Monochrome Set. Since the Lyceum gig they had improved no end. A replacement was soon found in the shape of Leigh Gorman, the hottest new bassist in town.

Electric Ballroom, New Year's Eve Ants party'79.

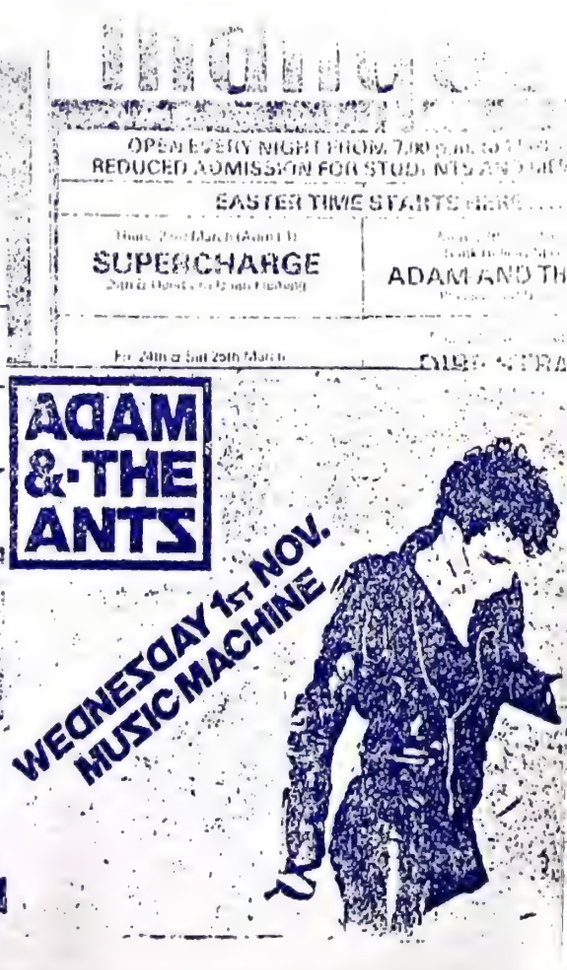
What was to be Leigh's only gig with the Ants, was at the Electric Ballroom on New year's eve, some say the biggest Ant event to date. At the gig I found myself standing next to none other than Malcolm Mclaren. At the time I dismissed this because of his connection with the Black Arabs, who were supporting. Later we discovered that Adam had been managing the Ants for some weeks. That's really putting them up in the big league with the Dolls and Pistols.

You could see the writing on the wall though. Times they were a changing. You could even call them...(Gulp!)...commercial. But on New year's eve 1979, I could not have cared less if they had played 'YMCA', and they did! I persuade Withie to drive and proceed to get even more pissed. It looked like Adam was as well, when he kept falling into the audience. He often did this but not because he enjoyed being beaten as is commonly believed, but because without his glasses he's as blind as a bat and cant see the edge of the stage.

Apparently there was some trouble afterwards with the skins, but as soon as the gig finished we were heading for Trafalgar Square. We only got within a mile of it when we had to abandon the car. People were running along the tops of cars and Withie kept stopping to get new year's kisses. We make our way through the crowds to the square. And the fountains. Feeling jubilant and fucking pissed out of our heads, Martin and me dive in. Withie, Iggy and Sharon are stick in the muds. We battle our way through the legless scotsmen and we're helped up on to the fountains by some more. There's scotsmen everywhere. So we leave the 1970's singing 'Auld Langseine' and 'You'll never walk alone', rather wet and rather drunk. But spirits are high after seeing the Ants back with avengeance, and seeing the new year and new decade in in the best way possible way. Full of hope that 1980 will be the year of the ANTS INVASIØN.

(Taken from "NEVER TRUST A MAN" Copyright TOMVAGUE1980.)

Dedicated to Abrø,Aobo,Barbara, Belinda,Little Bill, Boxhead, Caroline,Chris,Dave Tex, Duncan and Spud(Martian Dance),Fergus, Gary,Gaz,Geordies,Gill,Harrow lot, Howard,Minis,Jane,Jona,Jordan, Justin Time,Long,Two Lynns, Malcolm,Marc from Glasgow,Mark from Exeter, Mark the Idiot,Mick and Theresa,Mick and Purnsie, Muppet,Nige from L'pool,Little Nige from Wakefield, Paul and Phil, Pete Scott, Mick Mercer, Big Peter Vague,Puddle and Withie, Robbo, Sarah,Steve from Chester, Stumpy and Frenchie,Sue,Tarrack, Taz,Tim and Martin and the wee lads from Edinburgh.



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Tom Vague, Esq.,
34 The Paragon,
Bath,
Avon.

Dear Tom,

Thank you for your letter of 25th Janua
of your manuscript.

Whilst appreciating the approach you are

---

1. MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT MADE NINTEENTH day of JANUARY one thousand nine hundred and EIGHTY TWO between MR.S THOMAS of BUTCOMB CASTLE ST, MERE, WILTS hereinafter referred to as the Author and MARTIN SYKALA and on behalf of Mark Saunders Books of 1, Austin Close, Irchester, Northants, England hereinafter referred to as the Publishers.

2. THE PUBLISHERS undertake to print the manuscript by the Author in their hands and at present entitled ADAM AND THE ANTS in a suitable type and supply to the Author 6 copies of the book bound in a paperback edition and priced at £1.30p (one pound thirty) on payment by the Author to the Publishers of the sum of £900.00 NINE HUNDRED POUNDS

Such payment to be made as follows:-

(a) £300.00 (THREE HUNDRED POUNDS) on the signing hereof

(b) £300.00 (THREE HUNDRED POUNDS) on the approved corrected manuscript when is returned by the Author to the Publisher.

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11th January 1982

MS/jb

Mr.S.Thomas
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Castle St
Mere
Wilts BA12 6JF

Dear Mr.Thomas,

I now have my reader's report on your book and I am glad to tell you that it is acceptable for publication on our standard subsidy and royalty contract and in this case the author's subsidy will be £900 payable as follows:-

(a) £300 : On signing the contract
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Perhaps you will let me know wether you wish to accept our offer of publication and the above terms. If you do, I will have the contract prepared and sent to you for signature.
Our offer will remain open for one month, but thereafter may be subject to any amendments necessitated by fluctuating costs of materials and services.

Yours sincerely
M. Sykala
Castle Books
Man. Dir.
M.Sykala

PUBLISHER OF CASTLE BOOKS
NN9 7AX Telephone 0933 313980

15th February 1982

Dear Mr.Vague,

We are in receipt of your letter dated 5.2.1982. In no way have we been inconsistant in our statements regarding publication.

We will return your manuscript as soon as you have sent us the postage of 90 pence.

Yours sincerely

Kate Morgen
Editor

PRICK UP YOUR EARS!

TO ALL YOU ASPIRING POPSTARS-IF YOU THINK GETTING A RECORD DEAL IS DIFFICULT YOU SHOULD TRY GETTING A BOOK PUBLISHED IT'S FUCKING NEAR IMPOSSIBLE!

Here rescued may Editorial

JUST AS YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO TO THE TOILET AGAIN, THE BIBLE IS BACK. WITH THATCHERS POPULARITY RISING AS WE TRY TO RE-CONQUER THE WORLD, AMERICA LOOKING SET TO SELF DESTRUCT, M.P.'s VOTING ON BRINGING BACK HANGING, JOHNNY THUNDERS MAKING A COMEBACK, IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER LONG HOT SUMMER, BUT... VAGUE IS BACK ON THE CASE AGAIN, WITH EVEN MORE POINTLESS, SLANDEROUS LIES, WIDELY INACCURATE INFO AND SELF INDULGENT CRAP. THIS TIME, IT'S A TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT, NO CRAP ABOUT POP STARS, ONLY ONE PROPER INTERVIEW, CRAP RECORD REVIEWS, BORING POINTLESS PHOTOS, NO NEW CULTS, NO HUMOUR, NO STYLE, NO PAGE NUMBERS, BECAUSE THATS TOO STEREOTYPED – HOW ABOUT THAT FOR BEING SUBVERSIVE. WE'RE NOT INTO WRITING – WE'RE INTO CHAOS!

I ONLY JUST MANAGED TO GET THIS TOGETHER BEFORE MY ENTHUSIASM FOR MUSIC & LIFE IN GENERAL RAN OUT COMPLETELY. AFTER ALL, THERE'S PLENTY OF THINGS TO KEEP ME DEPRESSED LIKE: STROUD, RUST SERVICES, SCOTLAND, KILLING JOKE SPLITTING, ROLLING STONES TOURING, KID CREOLE, NOT HAVING A PORTION FOR OVER A YEAR, PAUL MORLEY, HIPPIES, MY BLUE HOLDALL, THE COMING OF THE ANTIFRIST, XTC, WHEN THEY FIND STRUMMER, SOUNDCHECKS, STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY, TONY FLETCHER, B-MOVIE, THOSE LOVEABLE SPIKEY TOPS, MARTIN FRY, + HIPPIES AGAIN.

THE ONLY THINGS THAT CHEER ME UP, + THEY ARE MAINLY NOSTALGIC, ARE: JULIE BURCHILL, IGGY POP, HUNTER S. THOMPSON, ANDY WARHOL + THE VELVETS, DOUGLAS ADAMS, VIZ COMICS, FIRESTARTER (BY STEPHEN KING), MALCOLM MCLAREN (SAYING IT'S HIP TO BE DIRTY AGAIN), SALISBURY COLLEGE OF ART + TECH '76-80, JEAN-PAUL SATRE, GLEN HODDLE + THE SPURS, THE SEX PISTOLS, EARLY CLASH, JIMMY PURSEY, MARK PERRY, BOXHEAD, THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, EARLY ANTS, EARLY BANSHEES, 'TEMPTATION', THE GYMSLIPS, SEX + SEDITIONARIES, JOHN SMITH'S, ANNIE ST. JOHN, PETER SISSONS, 'MINDER', MONTY PYTHON, BOWIE, 'SKINHEED', JOHN SNOW, PERRY'S CARTOONS, JOE STRUMMER GOING AWOL, MY INGERSOL CASSETTE, MY NEW HAIR-DO, DANSE SOCIETY, THE SOUND, CRASS' SENSE OF HUMOUR, + GETTING ABROAD – KNOWORRAMEAN!

RIGHT, I'M REALLY PISSED OFF WITH THIS CRAP NOW. DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS RUIN. DON'T TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY,

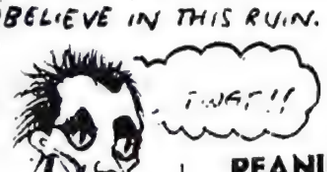
MUCHOS AMOUR

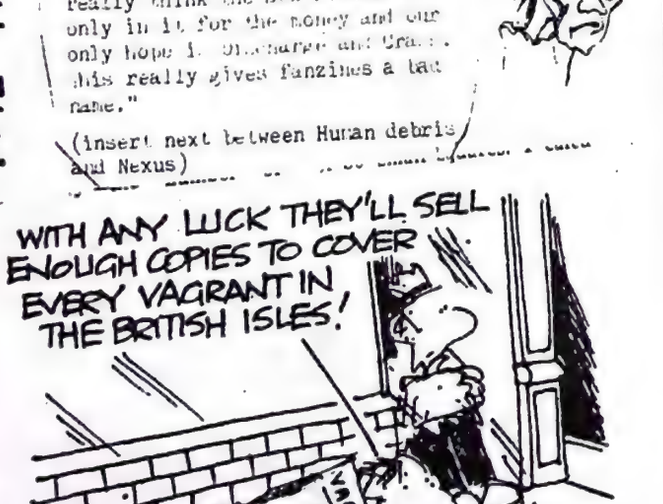
TOM Vague.

VAGUE MOB: TOM VAGUE, CHRIS J, PERRY H, PETE SCOTT, JOHNNY WALLER, PAUL SMITH, CHRIS DONALD, SIMON CLEGG, STEVE (CHESTER) NIGEL (DURHAM) & PUDDLE. MUCHO FANKOS ALAN PARTNER + JENNY FROM T.W., STEVE RAWLINGS + DANSE SOCIETY, ADDO + U.K. DECAY.

This is more a symptom than a fanzine. As a review of the would-be street credible music scene 'Vague' is irritating, affected and superficial, but as an unwitting expose of the kind of parasite 'Tom Vague' is, it is sometimes fascinating. 'Tom Vague' spends a very small proportion of his lengthy articles writing about the gigs or records he purports to be reviewing. The rest is a sort of disjointed autobiography, with special attention to how drunk he got, whether he could con a free ticket/record /handout from someone, the violence he always seems to stay out of, toadying to the 'in' stars whilst badmouthing the 'out' ones, and tossing off statements like 'Free subscription to VAGUE to anyone who can find someone from Bristol who is not a wanker.' The clever title/cover design led you to expect some wit, but Vague is mostly humourless – the only laughs come from some cartoons that turn out to have cribbed from a Newcastle fanzine called 'Viz Comics' (which is probably worth looking out for). If you think this is all a bit condescending and patronizing here is an example of the kind of well-balanced, constructive criticism on display in the fanzine review column of 'Vague': "What a pile of fuckin' shit. You wankers! You really think the Sex Pistols were only in it for the money and our only hope is discharge and Crass. This really gives fanzines a bad name."

(insert next between Human debris and Nexus)

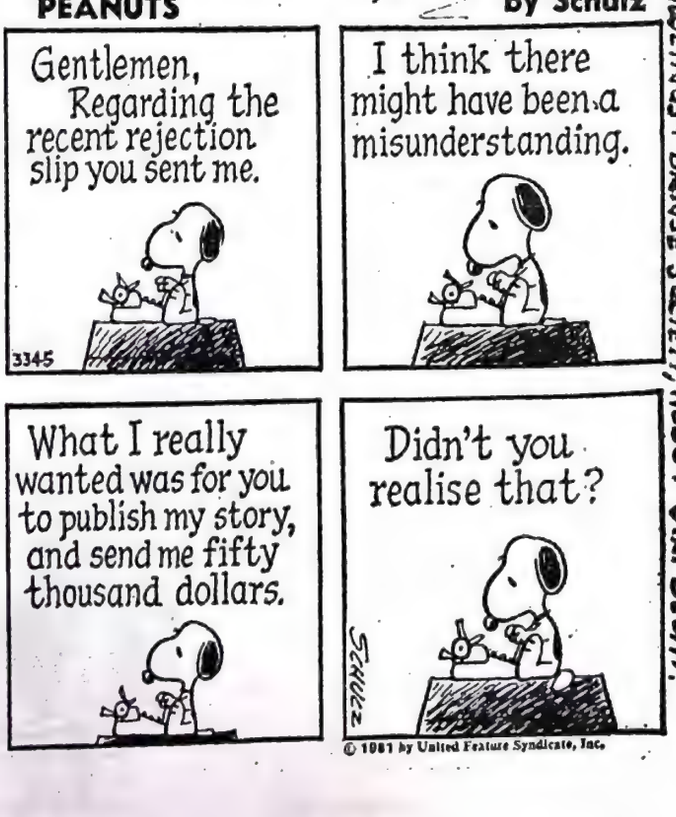




THE REVENGE OF PUNK ROCK!

THE TRUTH IS ONLY KNOWN BY VAGRANTS

PEANUTS by Schulz



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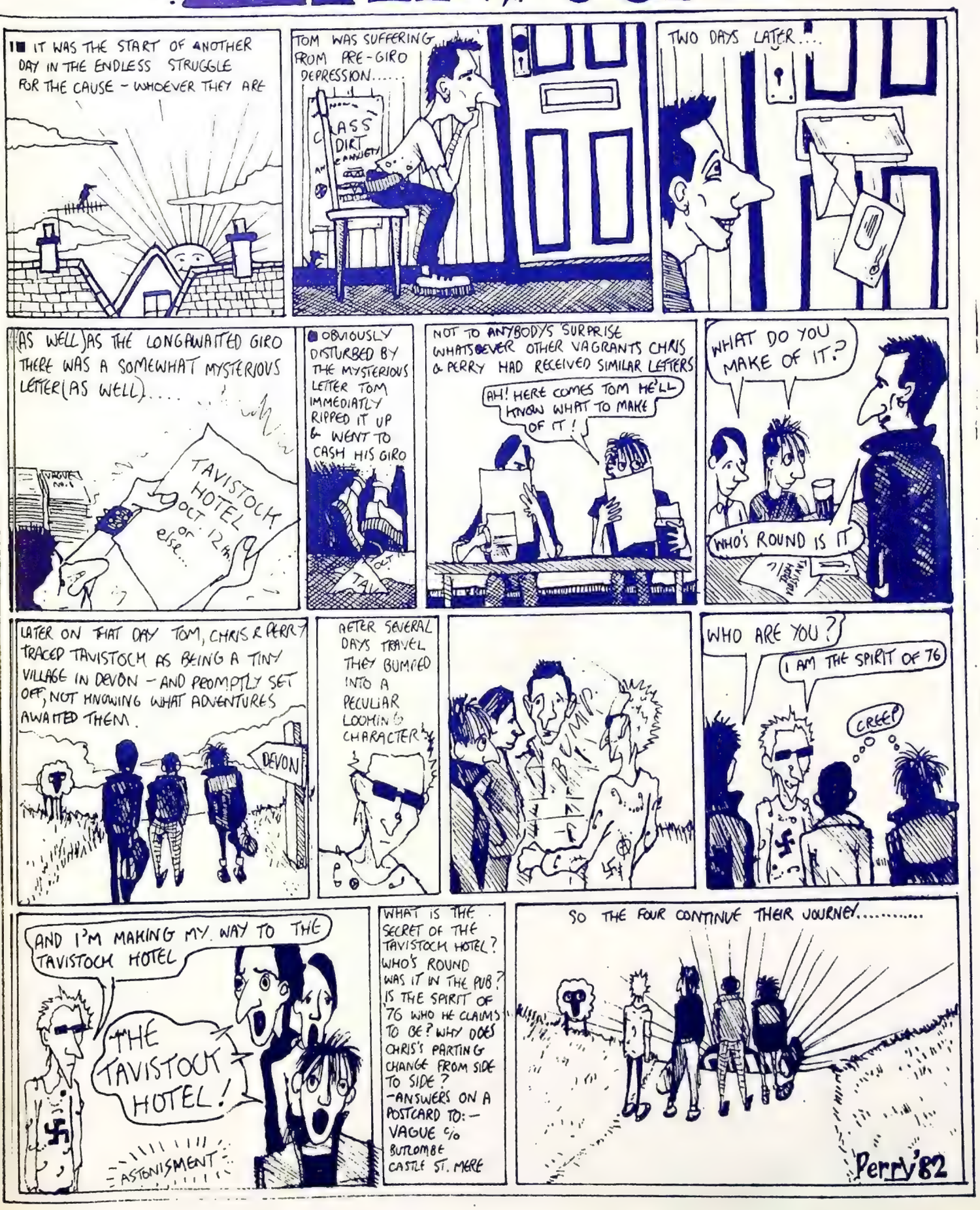
Those Loveable Spikeytops Part 1.



VAGUE NEWS

JUNE 15th 1982.....Fuck all.

VAGUE SAYS

Fuck Off Suckers!

FUCK OFF suckers, fuck off
fuck off suckers, fuck off!
Fuck off Suckers!!

NO ARGY-BARGY FOR OUR LADS!

PIC: Our brave lads relieve frustration on their tax payer's financed cruise to the falklands.

by Tony (Bomb the argy bastards) Snow. (Nothing to do with the great John)

No argy bargy for our brave lads as they blast them damned wops and dagos out of the Atlantic, which should all be ours by rights, if it was still the glorious empire days. It's bad enough having them over here. Bleedin' Spurs. That's what started it having one of them damned argies, playing in a British football team, if you can call them that.

It's good to see brave young British heroes fighting for their queen and country (or queenies and cunts) It brings back moral standards to the youth of today and gives them something more worthwhile to do than sniff glue or riot.

This will make Britain and our glorious leader Margaret Thatcher great once again and stamp out commie bastards like Wedgie Bennoff (Fuck off more like).

The only sad thing about it all is our brave lads wives and girlfriends, who are left at home, nursing broken hearts, depressed and lonely on these long summer nights and have to find solace (ie, A good cock) elsewhere.

Us at Vague Argy relief operation are doing our bit (or any bit) for our country. We're offering a special service to those lonely wives and girlfriends. Either contact Tom and Chris c/o Vague or Mick and Gary(ex) c/o Classix. Any dodgy boiler will do.

Once again, well done our lads and while you're out there lads and we're at home poking your old boilers, just think of the look on those damned argies faces when they have to give the world cup back.

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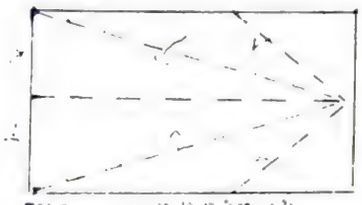

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CRAP RECORD REVIEWS

SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE MONTH

VIC GODARD AND THE SUBWAY SECT; 'Hey now I'm in love' (London)
Crap.

SOFT CELL; 'Torch' (Some Bizarre)
Crap.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES; 'Fireworks' (Polydor)
Crap.

THE MOOD ELEVATORS; 'You never try'/ 'Georgie Girl' (Red)
Crap.

VICTOR ROMERO EVANS; 'Miss Attractive' (Epic)
Crap.

GARY CROWLEY; 'Personality' (Capital)
Crap.

ABC; 'The look of love' (Neutron)
Crap.

DURAN DURAN; 'Hungry like a Wolf' (EMI)
Crap.

THEATRE OF HATE; 'The Hop' (Burning Rome)
Crap.

GANG OF FOUR; 'I love a man in uniform' (EMI)
Crap.

DANA AND THE NORTHERN IRELAND 1982 WORLD CUP SQUAD; 'Yer man' (Towerball)
Crap.

SCREAM AND DANCE; 'In Rhythm' (Recreational)
Crap.

ANTI-PASTI; 'East to west' (Rondelet)
Crap.

PIC: VICE SQUAD: Crap.

CRAP REALLY CRAP FUCKING CRAP

THE ASSOCIATES; 'Club country' (Associates/Beggar's Banquet)
Crap.

BLONDIE; 'Island of lost souls' (Chrysalis)
Crap.

DEPECHE MODE; 'Everything they've ever done' (Mute)
Crap.

VICE SQUAD; 'Their mum's and dad's
Crap.

XTC; 'Everything about them' (Virgin)
Crap.

ALBUMS

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

CLASH; 'Combat Rock' (CBS)
crap.

CRAP

CHELSEA; 'Evacuate' (Step Forward)
Crap.

DURAN DURAN; 'Rio' (EMI)
Crap.

REALLY CRAP

THE CURE; 'Pornography' (Fiction)
Crap.

JOAN JETT ANDTHE BLACKHEARTS- 'I love Rock'n'Roll' (Epic)
Crap.

FUCKING CRAP

THE FALL; 'Hex Enducation hour' (Kamera)
Crap.

VICE SQUAD; 'Stand proud Stand strong Stand in the middle of a fucking lake' (Fuck knows)
Crap.

SHOVE IT IN YOUR FUCKIN' EAR.

VAGUE...

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VAGUE...

#13 -

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T.W. RECORDS

T.W. RECORDS

Lysander Studios

TW RECORDS

For the past 5 years or so, Alan Partner has been traipsing round record companies and recording studios, trying to get good deals for up and coming new bands from the west country. There was the occassional promising response but by and large the big boys did'nt want to know. Quite happy to push their unoriginal clap-trap or snap up the occassional hip London band, a year or so after their prime. So Alan decided to do it himself. He bided his time and mustered together enough finances, then opened his own 24-track studio and record company.

The studio cost him the wrong side of £20 grand and opened for business in June '82, offering small bands with potential and bigger names alike reasonable rates (£6 an hour I think) and good facilities, without having to go to London and going on the waiting list behind the big boys who monopolise all the big studios and top producers. He enroled the help of Trevor Hall the engineer from Pickwick studios in Corsham and ex.CBS girl Jenni for the record company affairs.

He's had a record company (TW Records) of sorts since the Moskow days, 1977 onwards. But now, although independant it offers everything and more that an established company can do for ya. A good distribution deal with Pinnacle and watch out EMI,CBS,RCA.

Alan's first venture into the music world is so far his best, with the enigmatic MOSKOW and the excellent 'Man from Uncle' single, that was years ahead of it's time. If Stiff and REALTO had pulled their fingers out, Ultravox would have had big problems a couple years ago. Due to personality crises that have been flogged to death in these 'ere pages, MOSKOW folded and Alan picked up on ANIMALS + MEN from Frome, who were destined for big things. Two great singles, 'New age' and 'Shell Shock', a lot of interest from Peelie, a nearly support spot on the Ants Invasion tour, lack of interest from the big record companies, problems getting decent gigs in London, personal differences band did'nt fulfill their destiny and faded back into obscurity, although they are having another go at cracking it in '82 as the Terraplanes.

Towards the end of Animals + Men's short career, they were joined by former Moskow guitarist Dave Cole and Puddle Collier from Warminster ultra-punk combo Stalag-44. After they folded Dave and Puddle decided to stay together and called In Moskow drummer Wally, who was also a dab hand on bass and Stalag vocalist Boris and formed the reknowned SILENT GUESTS. They became Alan Partner's new protegees. Before Alan took them into the studios for the first time, Boris quit and they did their first album and single as a 3-piece, without doing a single gig.

The Album sold well and gigs in Warminster and Bath secured them a strong local following, but recently they've gone into retreat, had arethink, dropped all their old set and started all over. This will be Alan Partner's main project.

While all this was going on the remnants of Moskow, Dave Luckhurst and Pete Parsons, now Crazy House had been busy. As Lysander studios came together, they sent Alan a tape, which became the second TW album; 'They dance like this from as far off as the Crazy House'. Dont be misled by the title. There's some really diverse stuff on it, varying from electronic rockabilly to Pink Floyd film themes.

Then there's the other end of the scale and post-punk combo, the A-Heads, also from Warminster; that comprise of Stalag-44 ex. bassist Nige Johnson and his new pals, Jock, Andy and Mel. Amongst the abundance of cartoon strip punk bands coming out of the west at the moment, the A-Heads are the only ones with any originality or talent. Their debut single will shortly hit the streets and the band themselves will be gigging around London.

The material available from SILENT GUESTS, CRAZY HOUSE, MOSKOW, ANIMALS + MEN(TERRAPLANES) AND THE A-HEADS at the moment, just scrapes the surface of the talent available to Alan Partner's TW Records. Amongst potential new signings are Portsmouth's highly rated LOOK BACK IN ANGER, who've been attracted all sorts of interest. There's also plans for a compilation LP and the MOSKOW and Animals + Men single have been re-released.

I discussed this article with Alan in his car outside of one of Led Zep's mansions in Corsham. Until now the west country has been known as a graveyard for bands such as them and Peter Parsons. At last someone's got the guts to do something about it. There now for anybody who has the ability and suss to use it. So go out and do it.

TW DISCOGRAPHY

SINGLES

ANIMALS + MEN-'New Age' HIT 101
SILENT GUESTS-'Desperate Measures' HIT 102
MOSKOW-'Man from Uncle' HIT 103
ANIMALS + MEN-'New Age' HIT 101
SILENT GUESTS-'House of Wax' HIT 104
CRAZY HOUSE-'First time' HIT 105
A-HEADS-(as yet unreleased)

ALBUMS

SILENT GUESTS-'In my Secret Garden' PROP 1
CRAZY HOUSE-'They dance like this from as far off as the...' PROP 2

PIC: ALAN JENN + CRAZY HOUSE

LOVE & ROMANCE part 3

".....there are fifty ways to leave your lover....."
A week passed. Vinny wondered whether it was worthwhile to go into the courage business. He'd heard of a Capitol Rockabillies gig at the Forth Fife centre and decided to ask Georgie if she would care for a ticket.

With some trepidation he made his way to her work. "Yeah, fine,at least I think so, I cant promise anything.... dont buy two, I'll phone you." Somewhat disheartened by her decidedly un-bop stance Vinny went ahead and bought the tix.

Friday evening rustled in. The trees shimmered, the sky began to darken and Vinny waited by the phone. His vain of thought was interrupted by the doorbells staccato rasp. Stockard stood seriously in the doorway, a shaft of light filtered through the deco window and colour span on Gregg Duncan's otherwise pallid visage.

"We've really got to tell you ...well, come out to Balmore, I know a good pub."

Vinny was cheerful, he could not help but laugh as, in between sups of lager Stockard informed young Vin that ineffectual Hartley had infact swiped George from right under Vin's nose. Two midweek trips to the cinema, one a late night special at the film arena, confirmed it. Inwardly, Vinny felt a squadron of stukas dive bomb his guts. He was well on the way and the only thought seemed to be how to use up a Capitol Rockabillies ticket. He finished his Guinness and ordered a Manhattan, Gregg offered him a lift back. It was only seven O'Clock.

She lifts up her blouse again. The tips of her tits poke out. I shove my hand up and goose her, tickling her cherries hard

Back at his home, Vinny bade the leaving bastards goodbye and went to his address book to check still valid and available female phone numbers.

Linda Londrose arrived half an hour later in her powder blue Cooper S. Her black gown hung to her so snugly that it might have been a second layer of skin, her marble skin glistened beneath, her reddish hair glistened like copper. They had a drink together and a cigarette. Vinny pictured her in his arms. Her body pressed close to his, as would her half open lips, seductive and clinging.

Vinny played the perfect host with all the skill he was capable of. He put himself out to be charming and witty. All during dinner in the Corinthian Room of the Plaza-pastiche, his mind was busy with thoughts and ideas. He had to win Linda Lundross once more. He knew he would never be satisfied until she was his. She would make the memories of his contorted love pale wraiths that disappeared beside her full blown loveliness(Loses a bit in translation.Ed.)

.....

For the next few weeks Vin lived a fairly lonesome existance. He stayed in, read books, wrote, fixed his bike, drank endless bottles of Budweiser and generally learnt more about himself and his capacity for coping with living on his own.(Here what happened to old Linda Undross? Ed.) Occassionally he thought himself into a depression, however being intelligent and knowledgeable of the consequences, thought himself out of them.

Then one day outside the local radio station, he caught sight of them. They were'nt holding hands, but it was enough. She had on that stupid giddy smile that this time was to cost her. For this time, dear reader, Vinny had flipped...(Getting good innit?Ed.)

Birds in shop windows are sexy to me because they're busy. I get stiff just watching 'em at it. You should try it sometime

Golf courses are beautiful, comprising rolling countryside, bright smooth lawns, groups of trees and open spaces, and a wide sky, where hearts sing in summer. These are certainly some of the reasons why golf is popular. In such surroundings one can feel truly alive, and in such surroundings a girl can die and did.(....Wot, you cant kill her she sounds quite nice)

There was a man called Hector McNicol, a labourer, pushing fifty and in poor health and medical advice was that he should get out in the fresh air so much as he could. So Mr. McNicol took to long walks, some of which included Littlehill golf course, and here to add interest to his strolls he would look for lost golf balls, which he was doing on January 4th 1982.

The weather was very mild for that time of the year, though there had been a drizzle of rain from time to time. Still, it was pleasant enough weather in which to potter along. He did 'till he came to a little conifer plantation which lay along the third fairway.

It was the sort of place a golf ball may well come to rest in, and old Hector sauntered idly thru' the copse, yawning here and there. Then he paused, because in a hollow not far from the third tee he saw what appeared to be a young woman lying face downward. She looked like one who might have layed down on her stomach to doze in the sun, her right arm bent forward and under her chin. Except there was no sun and the ground was very damp.

When he came closer he judged that her face was pretty well bashed in. McNicol charged out of the copse onto the road, his mind filled with the horror of what he had seen.

Across the road to a pub, and from there a telephone call was put through to the police.

So now the hunt was on, this was'nt a case of mere assault or even rape. It was the killing of a girl. Her skull was smacked into 15 pieces.('Ere I thought this was 'sposed to be a Love story)

Back in window four is Laura, a row of pins in her laugh, her big tits jellying madly as she waves one last piss-taking wave

George had laid alone under the gloomy conifers since January 2nd, until Hector McNicol found her on the 4th.

The evidence found on George's body and the area in which she died revealed a horrifying story. She had been attacked, and had tried desperately to run away, first from the roadway and down a steep entrenchment and up the other side, shedding a shoe, then on in the darkness, over barbed wire which had lacerated her body, then on again over grassland, shedding another shoe but in the end she had been over taken. Vinny had coursed her in the dark as a dog will course a hare by day.

Examination showed that her blue pants had been torn from her. So had one of her socks. But there was no sign of it being a sexual assault. The killing had provided the thrill.

The police fanned out to take photos, go over the ground, start interviewing the hundreds of people who might be able to help. They were not to forget young Vinny.

Slowly, foot by foot, the ground was worked over. Her body was 75 feet from a gate leading from the plantation to the third tee. But 32 feet away from the tee it was a different story. On the ground was a heavy concentration of her blood and the 15 peices of her skull and face.

Scattered round they found her watch, a badly bloodstained scarf, an ear ring, a ten centime piece and in the deep entrenchment, about 8ft deep, down one side they had found, embedded in the clay, her right sports style blue suede shoe...

BY SIMON CLEGG.

HA HA! NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY THE NEXT ISH TO SEE IF VIN GETS DONE!

THOSE LOVEABLE SPIKEY TOPS GO TO....

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH

by Wattie Zit.

At 9 O'Clock we had to come from home to the car park. Then we waited for the coach to come. The second coach was late and I was on that coach. We went along the road Then we came to the city of Leeds. We went past the train station and then we stopped outside the very big Queens Hall.

We all got off the coach and saw lots and lots of real ace punks that all looked just like the Exploited did on Top of the pops. We all joined the queue and waited a long time. A boy came up to me and said he had lost all his money and could I give him a 10p. I gave him 10p but he must have lost lots of money because he asked everyone in the queue.

At last we got to the doors and some very big men with beards took our tickets and beat up some bigger boys. My friend Skunk, who is a real punk, he's got a mohikan and he wears a kilt, and me went down the front. First we saw GBH and then CHARGE. They were both great and we all pogoed a lot.

Then it was LAMA they were great as well. Really fast and we all pogoed a lot. Then it was THE INSANE, they were great as well, really fast and we all pogoed a lot. Next it was VICE SQUAD, who have a funny looking man as lead singer who wears a dress. They were great as well, really fast and we all pogoed a lot. Then it was CHELSEA who were crap. Then it was CHRON-GEN who were great, really fast and we all pogoed a lot. Then it was THE ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE who sang a lot of new words that I dont understand but they must come from the country because they sang about doing things to sheep and goats. They were great though, really fast and we all pogoed a lot.

Then it was BLACK FLAG who were also great, really fast and we all pogoed a lot. Then it was the Subs. I like Subs! They were great, really fast and we all pogoed a lot. Then it was the DAMNED.

After the Damned had played we all met outside and got on the coach again. It was very late and I was very tired.... tired of hearing the same old fucking crap time and time again. Punk was about other things apart from sniffin' glue and spitting. These sort of tossers are about as much to do with Punk as Adrian Gurvitz. They might as well be Rockabillys or mods. Dont you ever learn. You've made punk into a joke. You're about as outrageous and different as Coronation St. It's been repeated as many times. For god's sake show some originality.....sorry 'bout that but it seemed like a good idea at the time. In V13 Wattie Zit interviews Vice Squad.

TIMES AND NEWS, FRIDAY, MAY, 14, 1982

SIR KEITH JOSEPH at the George Ward School on Friday talks with pupil Mark Perry at the pig unit. 40443A

DEMONSTRATORS WHO WAITED FOR

Police fox

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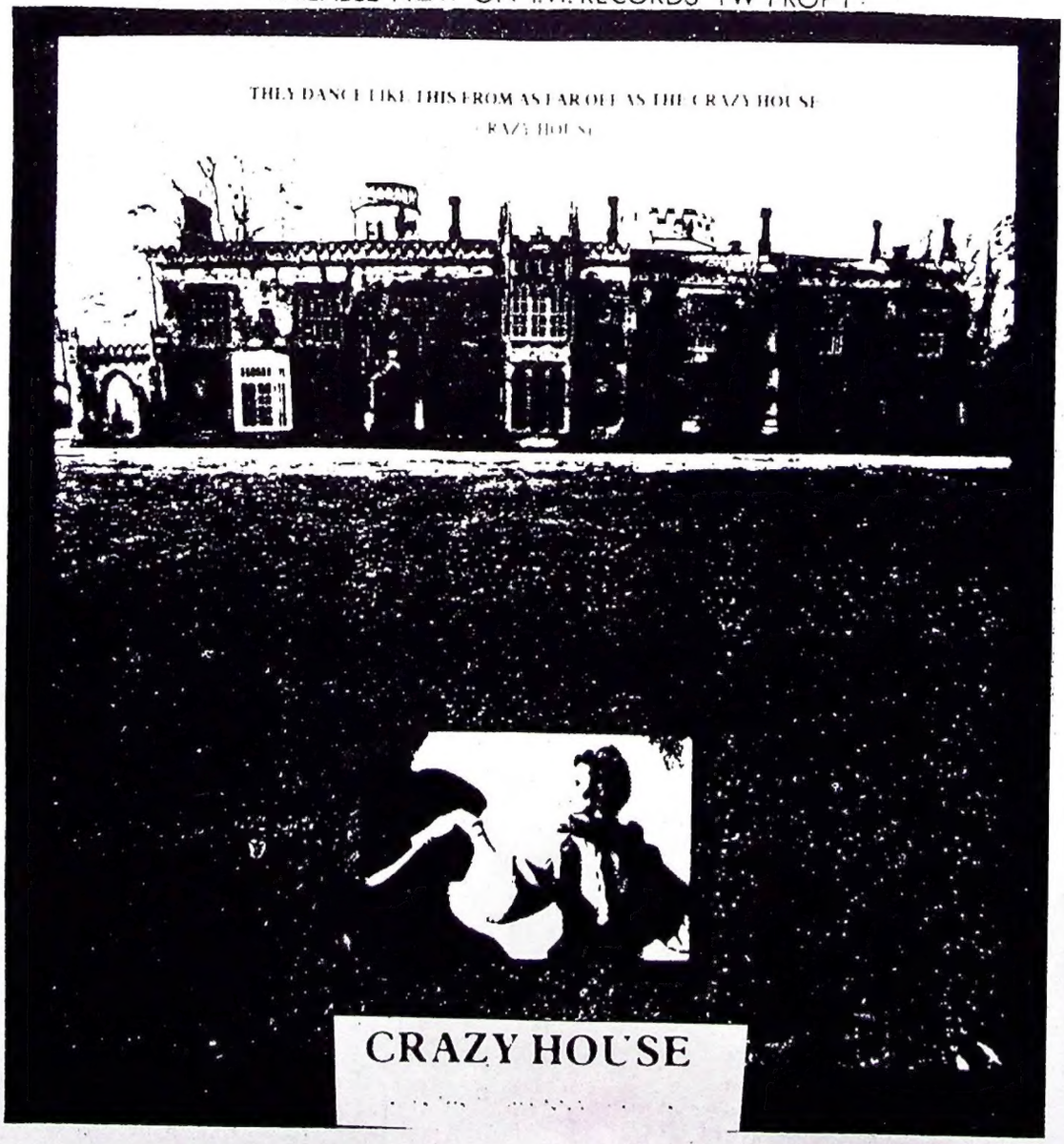

FAR OFF AS THE CRAZY HOUSE

PROP 2